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George Canning Hill

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CAPT. JOHN SMITH;

A Biography.

BY

GEORGE CANNING HILL.

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PREFACE.

THE author has designed the present series of Biographies more particularly for the young. And, in pursuing his original plan along to its termination, he has set before himself the following objects, to which he invites the reader's attention:

To furnish from the pages of the world's history a few examples of true manhood, lofty purpose, and persevering effort, such as may be safely held up either for the admiration or emulation of the youth of the present day;

To clear away, in his treatment of these subjects, whatever mistiness and mustiness may have accumulated with time about them, presenting to the mental vision fresh and living pictures, that shall seem to be clothed with naturalness, and energy, and vitality;

To offer no less instruction to the minds, than pleasure to the imaginations of the many for whom he has taken it in hand to write;

And, more especially, perhaps, to familiarize the youth

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of our day with those striking and manly characters, that have long ago made their mark, deep and lasting, on the history and fortunes of the AMERICAN CONTINENT.

The deeds of these men, it is true, are to be found abundantly recorded in Histories; but they lie so scattered along their ten thousand pages, and are so intermixed with the voluminous records of other matters, as to be practically out of the reach of the *younger* portion of readers, and so of the very ones for whom this series has been undertaken. These want only *pictures of actual life;* and, if the author shall, in any due degree, succeed even in sketching interesting *outlines*, he will feel that he is answering the very purpose that has long lain unperformed within his heart.

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CAPT. JOHN SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

THERE are few romances written, that contain more interesting or exciting incidents than the life of Captain John Smith. Works of fiction reach the feelings chiefly through the medium of the imagination; but the actual facts of a biography appeal directly to the heart.

John Smith, who is truly called the founder of Virginia, was born in Lincolnshire, England, in a town called Willoughby, during the year 1579. Though he might easily have received far better instruction in his youth than he did, he had no one to blame for the deficiency but himself. Such education as the free schools in the vicinity offered was quite enough to prepare

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him to act intelligently in whatever situation he might afterwards be thrown; but his ardent temper and uncontrollable impulses were always very serious obstacles in the way of his improvement. Even at so early an age as thirteen, so adventurous and daring had his spirit become, he sold his books and satchel for funds with which to get ready to go to sea. The sudden death of his father, however, for the time prevented him. Before this event, it appears, he had likewise lost his mother. What little property his father left immediately fell to him, though he was obliged to be placed, with his money, in the care of guardians till he should come of age. Those guardians, however, as such persons often do, proved unfaithful to the trust reposed in them, and, knowing his desire for roving and adventure, secretly approved of the course he was so anxious to pursue. Though they allowed him very little money, — probably keeping a sharp look-out for themselves in regard to that, — they nevertheless gave him great personal liberty, rarely offering to interfere with any wandering whim that happened to seize him.

Had they been a little more liberal in giving

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him money, it is not likely that he would have stood in the way of their dishonest projects much longer; but, being as destitute as he was, he knew that he could ill afford to venture very far out of their reach without a more adequate supply. So he remained for a time where he was. At last, however, they resolved to apprentice him out with a merchant in Lynn, a man engaged very extensively in traffic, and with whom the uneasy youth might have grown in time to be a prosperous man. But there was another mission in the world for young John Smith. He was not destined to the drudgery of a store, and the comparatively trifling employments of one whose duty it is to stand behind a counter and wait upon coming customers; it was reserved for him yet to establish a far-off colony, to pave the way for future generations in a hitherto unexplored and trackless wilderness, and to lay the foundations of a nation that was to spread in an incalculably short time from the shores of one vast ocean to the other.

With his present employer he remained but a short time, his thoughts brooding continually over the brilliant and indescribable pictures that

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lay spread out on the canvas of his future. Of trade, and its many weary accompaniments, he seemed to have got quite enough at an early day after entering on his apprenticeship. He formed the resolution to leave his employer and master altogether; and it is noticeable, too, that his guardians were well advised of his determination long before he undertook to carry it into effect. Indeed, with the few shillings which they had allowed him to retain in his pocket, it is probable that he ran away from the merchant immediately to them again, and demanded sufficient additional funds to enable him to realize his early dreams of the sea. Eager to be finally rid of him, they humored his request, and he very soon found a place as page, or travelling servant, to the young sons of Lord Willoughby, who were then about to make the customary tour of the continent.

They all went to France together. He controlled his vagrant propensities sufficiently to remain with them there for some five or six weeks, and then begged to be dismissed from their service altogether. They gave him a liberal supply of money, and let him go, supposing that he would be sure to return to his friends again.

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But this he had no mind to do. He had had quite enough of such friends; and so, with his money, he made the best of his way to Paris, without companion or adviser.

At this time he was about fifteen years old; and, for a boy of fifteen, he certainly showed a rare courage and self-reliance that would do no discredit to a person of twice his years. While he was in Paris he fell in with a gentleman named Hume, a native of Scotland, who conceived a great liking to our young hero, and proposed to send him with letters of introduction to his own friends at home. He also filled his purse, and generously supplied all his wants. It was the gentleman's wish to have the youth trained to be a courtier of King James, then living in Scotland, but destined soon to succeed Elizabeth on the throne of England. He liked the lad's spirit and intelligence, and felt sure that, even at that age, he promised uncommon things. And his after life showed how accurate was the judgment of his Scottish friend.

Undoubtedly Smith honestly engaged to go to Scotland, just as his new friend desired. But he was a youth of such a vagrant disposition, of

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such erratic ways of thinking, of such dazzling and uncertain hopes for the future, and thus far so entirely accustomed to follow out only his own unfettered impulses, that the reader must not wonder to find that, as soon as he was once away from the influence of his benefactor, he forgot him altogether. Such was the fact. He thought and cared no more for his hopes of preferment at court. He was wholly taken up with the vague propensities for roving and wandering that beset him on every hand.

By the time he reached Rouen his money was all gone. This was about the period of the civil wars that prevailed in France between the Catholics and Protestants, and ended with the violent death of King Henry the Fourth. From the Narrative of his own life, which he wrote a great many years afterwards, it seems that he was then attracted by the sound of martial music, and the pomp of military preparations; and that at length he enlisted as a soldier, and fought on the side of the Protestants. Having once tasted of this strange excitement, it was difficult for him to give it up; and, as soon, therefore, as peace followed in France, he was anxious to hurry

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away to the next field where his services might be needed. His life was now little more than a headlong race, and it would seem as if he was trying to see how fast he could throw it away. Yet, out of all these aimless pursuits and impulses, he was insensibly extracting lessons of courage, and endurance, and self-command, that we shall see were of the greatest value to him in the rugged years of his after life.

Accordingly, he enlisted in a band of English troops, that were at that time acting as auxiliaries against Spain in the Netherlands, and served on this famous European battle-field for about four years. Little or nothing is known of his personal conduct during that time; and even in his Narrative he has chosen to be silent about it all. Yet, with his naturally strong tastes for a life of such excitement, it is not to be supposed that he let pass any opportunity of distinguishing himself among his comrades. What lessons were set him he probably learned with all the greediness of an earnest and ambitious nature.

After the expiration of about four years, he suddenly bethought himself of the letters entrusted to him by his friend, the Scotch gentle-

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man, in Paris. Acting immediately on his thought, he hurried away to take ship for Leith, a port in Scotland. The vessel in which he embarked was wrecked on the voyage; but his own life was providentially saved. Hardly was he free of this disaster, when he was overtaken by a fit of severe sickness on the Isle of Northumberland, and his life for some time despaired of. But he recovered at length, and hastened to Scotland to deliver his letters. There he was received with the utmost kindness, and found friends everywhere at his hand. But circumstances conspired to prevent his success at court, and he was thrown back upon the support of his own proud and self-reliant spirit again. King James was already impatient to put on the crown that Elizabeth had worn so long; and it is not at all likely that he cared to surround himself in Scotland with a large army of fawning friends and flattering courtiers. Besides, our hero would really have made but a sorry figure at such a business; and, with his proud and imaginative nature, would have failed even of the smallest success. There was a wider and a nobler field opening for him far away.

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Tired with his petty disappointments there in Scotland, he returned at length to his native town of Willoughby, in England, where he passed much of his time in social enjoyments and friendly delights. Even this wearied him in turn, and he began to sigh for more active and manly employment. Already he had seen much of the great world beyond his native town, and his spirit chafed and grew restless at this quietude and silent restraint. A small country town, it may well be supposed, held out few attractions either to occupy or detain an active spirit like his. He grew impatient and fretful. He could scarcely bear to see his fellow-creatures around him; and finally, as an antidote to his peculiar disease, he resolved to withdraw from society and the world altogether.

Adopting the dress and habits of a hermit, he plunged into the forest, and built what he called a "pavilion of boughs," in which he lived his life of seclusion. For reading, he carried with him but two books, — "Machiavelli's Art of War," and "Marcus Aurelius;" and, for exercise, he practised daily on his horse at tilting with his lance. This, truly, was a highly roman-

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tic mode of life for a young man, and argued for him either a cracked brain or a strikingly original purpose. He shot venison for his food, and most likely became a pilferer to get that. He still kept a servant near him, and through him held all the converse with the world that he wished.

But such a style of life as this was sure to make him even more widely known than before. Perhaps, too, the notoriety of it was not at all distasteful to him. It may have afforded him a great deal of pleasure — such as it was — to see the country people staring at him with looks of such deep and inexpressible wonder. No doubt it was so. He felt more delighted to be thought a prodigy, — it hardly mattered of what sort, — than to be living quietly and unnoticed among his townsmen in the village of Willoughby. And the strange stories they told about him pleased him more than all.

Before long his mode of life reached the ears of the higher class of people; and an Italian gentleman, who was interested in what he heard, went himself to see him in his forest seclusion. The Italian was an expert horseman, and so was

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Smith; and the conversation of the former was highly intelligent, and pleasing, too. This was sufficient to cause a friendship to spring up between them at once. In a short time the stranger succeeded in drawing him out of his hermitage, and in inducing him to come back into the world of social life again. He removed with his new friend, and for a time found the change to be both agreeable and refreshing.

But it was not to last long so. Our hero's nature required nothing so much as action. It scouted sluggishness, and was impatient of restraint. It craved excitement all the time. From his very school days he had been longing to be his own master, to follow out his own headlong impulses, and to do some deeds that would bring his name prominently before the notice of the world. Properly trained, such a nature produces an invaluable character; but, left to its own accidental development, the sport of the varying circumstances of each changing day, it is rare, indeed, that mankind receive from it the benefit they have a right to expect.

Very soon after bidding adieu to his romantic woodland retreat, he took leave of his new ac-

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quaintance, and went rambling again in the Netherlands. At this time he was nineteen years old. Whether he joined the army there or not, it does not appear. The next we hear of him, he has fallen into the company of four French rascals, who deliberately resolved to make him the victim of their dishonest designs. At his age, and with his frank and confiding disposition, it is very natural that he should have been easily imposed upon. One of these Frenchmen represented himself to Smith as a nobleman, passing off his companions as his attendants, or servants. This fellow worms out of Smith all his plans, and learns that it is his earnest desire to engage in the war against the Turks, which the Austrians were at that time waging. He accordingly enticed him into France with promises of there obtaining for him the means of joining the army, which included letters to the general of the Hungarian forces.

All embarked for France immediately. The vessel was a small one, and the captain was supposed to be secretly in league with the designing rogues. It was a dark and cheerless night in winter when they came into the next port; and

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the captain hurriedly set the four rascals on shore, together with all of Smith's baggage, without the knowledge of any of the other passengers on board. The captain was, undoubtedly, a smuggler, following the same lawless calling by which so many at that time enriched themselves along the maritime coasts.

But it had nearly gone dangerously with him as soon as his iniquity came to light. The other passengers were so enraged, that they were almost ready to take his life on the spot. Indeed, had they known the secret of navigating the vessel, they would have run off with it and all it contained. Smith had just one penny left in his pocket; and the captain would even have compelled him to part with his cloak to pay for his passage. But, perhaps, this very extremity to which he was reduced was the means of helping him to friends. The rest showed him a great deal of sympathy and kind feeling, and helped him to whatever he needed to make him comfortable. One of them, in particular, stood by him faithfully, attracted by his youth, and pitying him in his misfortunes.

While thus journeying leisurely along through

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France, gaining friends wherever his story is known, and more especially by his intelligent speech and pleasing manners, he found his way among the higher classes of people, and began to recover his former vivacity and cheerfulness. But no sooner was he himself again, than he resumed his old habits and feelings, longing to see active service once more. Very soon, therefore, the abundant means with which he had been supplied by his friends failed him again, and he knew, to his sorrow, what it was to want for food to keep him alive. He found himself at length in a vast wood, lying exhausted, and without resolution, beneath a tree. He declared that he could go no further. He was quite willing to remain where he was, and die in peace. But fortune sent a good farmer that way, who relieved his necessities, supplying him with food and money, and setting him with a lighter heart on his journey again. How much is America indebted to that kind French farmer!

He came to the province of Brittany, still a wanderer, without aim, and almost without inclination. By the strangest accident in the world, he fell in with one of the rogues who had con-

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spired to rob him. As soon as they recognized one another, each drew his sword, and went at it without a word. There was an old tower near by, and the inmates were witnesses of the affray. Smith's spirit was pretty well inflamed with the memory of the wrong suffered at his enemy's hands, and he easily became the victor. The beaten robber confessed his guilt in the presence of all assembled there; and, with such satisfaction as this, Smith left him on the ground to be taken care of by the peasantry.

Next he reached the country-seat of an earl, with whom he fortunately became acquainted during his earlier experiences in France, and by whom he was treated with the greatest kindness and generosity. The nobleman took a great deal of pains to show him the country, and to interest him as long as he remained. And, when he was at length ready to depart, plentiful means for pursuing his journey were placed in his hands, and he at length crossed the country to Marseilles, where he embarked on board ship for Italy.

But fresh trouble was brewing for him. It was chiefly by these tough experiences that his spirit was to be hardened to its heroic strength

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and endurance. Hardly had the vessel got out to sea, when a storm arose, driving them into the harbor of Toulon. It likewise happened that all his fellow-passengers, of whom there was a great crowd, were Catholics, bound on a pilgrimage to Rome. With his peculiar frankness and candor, it was impossible for him to conceal from them that he was a Protestant; in fact, it soon became known that he was the only Protestant on board. To this fact they superstitiously ascribed all their ill-luck, and thence began to use hard language toward him. Of course he used his tongue as freely as they; and when they reviled Queen Elizabeth, he retorted quite as bitingly upon the Pope.

With such feelings existing between them, the vessel got under way again; and again the tempestuous weather overtook them, compelling them to anchor once more, — this time off the Isle of St. Mary's, near Nice. Now the passengers felt very certain that he was the cause of this prolonged danger, and declared among themselves that they never should have fair weather so long as such a heretic remained on board. His own replies to their threats and insults

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CASTING SMITH INTO THE SEA.

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undoubtedly increased their ill-feeling, and, in a sudden fit of passion, they lifted him over the vessel's rail, and threw him headlong into the sea. Fortunately, it was not a very great way to the shore, and he was an excellent swimmer; so, striking out lustily among the boiling waves, he reached the land of St. Mary's, with nothing but a drenched suit of clothes, and a heart that kept up as stoutly as ever.

On the island, which was only a small tract, there was not a living human being besides himself. He began to look around him to see what resources there might be for supporting life, and found a few small cattle and goats. With companions like these he might, perhaps, have become another Selkirk in time, had not fortune come to his relief again; for, the very next day, a French vessel, that had put into one of the little bays of the island during the storm, took him on board, willing to go wherever its destination might happen to be. The captain of the vessel, by a happy accident, was a friend of the same French nobleman who had taken such an interest in our hero in Brittany; and, as soon as Smith's acquaintance with the latter was known,

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the kindness and consideration with which he was treated were increased in a very striking degree.

The captain, to tell the truth, was an adventurer on the high seas, or, in other words, a pirate. That occupation was not held in such abhorrence by the world in those days as it is in these; and it was not unusual to find gentlemen of respectability, and even of quality, engaged in the pursuit of it. It brought huge fortunes suddenly and mysteriously to the pockets of the daring adventurers, with which they could lead on shore the lives of wealthy noblemen.

First they sailed to Alexandria in Egypt. At that port they discharged their cargo, and immediately afterwards set sail again for the Mediterranean to watch for such prizes as might come in their way. They sailed along the coast of Asia, past Cyprus, Rhodes, the Archipelago, Candia and the Grecian coast, and the island of Cephalonia, and finally took up their position between the island of Cyprus and the Cape of Otranto, watching closely for the passage of some richly-freighted vessel bound up the Adriatic for Venice. These Venetian merchantmen at that

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time traded largely in silks, velvets, gold, spices, and wines, with all the ports along the Mediterranean coast, and always went back to Venice laden with the most varied and costly cargoes. The maritime laws of the world were not as strictly defined, nor as vigilantly guarded, in those days as they are now; and very often a vessel belonging to one nation fell a prey to the vessel of another on the high seas, though both nations were on terms of the closest friendship all the while.

At length a vessel hove in sight, as the wily captain expected, — a Venetian. He hailed her, and was promptly answered with a gun, whose shot killed one man on board the French vessel outright. Probably the Venetian did not like the looks of the strange cruiser from the beginning. At once, therefore, the two vessels closed in with one another, and a terribly severe and bloody battle ensued, that lasted nearly two hours. The Frenchman twice boarded the enemy during that time, and each time was successfully driven back. The next attempt resulted in both vessels taking fire, and each drew off to quench the flames. At it they soon went again, however,

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both parties inflamed to the highest pitch of passion. But the Venetian found itself finally in a sinking condition, and yielded without further resistance. The Frenchman put his men on board to stop the leaks, anxious only to remove as much of the valuable freight as could be taken away. They took what they could, and left at least another ship-load to be buried beneath the waves. In this fierce engagement the Venetian vessel lost twenty men, and the Frenchman fifteen; and the former was of twice the tonnage of the latter, if not even more. Smith's share of the spoils was about a thousand sequins.

Thus provided for against pecuniary want, he prepared to separate from his new friends, unwilling any longer to pursue the business that had so suddenly enriched him. At his own request, therefore, the captain set him on shore in Piedmont, taking leave of him in the most friendly manner, and wishing him good luck wherever his changeful fortune might carry him. Smith pushed on at once for Leghorn, and then began a tour of Italy. In the course of his travels he fell in with his old friends, the sons of Lord Wil-

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loughby, who were rejoiced once more to see him, and hear his account of his adventures. Next he went to Rome, where he saw the Pope, and a long row of cardinals, and from which city he soon after set out for Naples. Thus from place to place he wandered about, visiting kingdom after kingdom, and city after city, spending his money lavishly the while, and thoughtless altogether of the future, or of any purpose he had ever entertained. But growing tired, at the last, of this aimless way of life, the recollection of his desire to fight against the Turks suddenly flashed over him. He proceeded without delay to Venice, in obedience to his original design, sailed thence across the Adriatic to Ragusa, wandered along the broken and rocky coasts of Albania, and Dalmatia, reached Sclavonia, went into Styria, to the town of Gratz, where Ferdinand, the Archduke of Austria, lived, and there, through the friendly instrumentality of an Englishman and an Irishman, was brought to the notice of several of the officers of the Imperial army, with the staff of one of whom he immediately connected himself, and proceeded with the regiment, which was of cavalry, to

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Vienna, the military head-quarters. Henceforth he was to exhibit his powers, as a brave and dauntless soldier, against one of the most cruel people living on the face of the earth.

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CHAPTER II.

EXPERIENCE WITH THE TURKS.

MAHOMET the Third was the Grand Seignor of Turkey at this period, having recently succeeded to the throne, and to the management of the hitherto disastrous war with Germany. It was in the latter part of the year 1601 when our hero enlisted; and during that year there had been fought many very severe battles between the two nations, resulting generally to the advantage of the Turks. The latter had succeeded in obtaining a foothold in Hungary and other provinces, of which it was found next to impossible to dispossess them. So bold had they grown with their recent successes that they pushed on through the country in the face of all obstacles, and laid siege to the walled town of Olympach. Lord Ebersbaught had been assigned to the defence of this place, which he

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now held with his forces. The Turks lay encamped around it to the number of twenty thousand. They daily made vigorous efforts to enter, battering the walls and destroying all the outworks against which they could safely bring their powers of assault. The condition of the garrison was rapidly becoming distressing, and it was evident at head-quarters that, without assistance, they could hold out but a little while longer.

In this extremity the Baron Kissell was dispatched to their relief with a force of artillery; but it was soon found that it was wholly inadequate to the trying emergency. Under the baron served the Earl Meldritch, with his troops of cavalry, and Smith, as we have already said, formed one of his staff. Immediately on arriving on the ground he gained the confidence of the baron by his spirit and intelligence, and was transferred to a post nearer the baron's person. So unequal were the forces of the baron to those of the Turks, he discovered that he could do no more than now and then cut off parties carrying supplies, or a straggling detachment that foolishly threw itself within his reach. This was

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hardly better than nothing at all; he saw that if he was to be of any service, it could be only in conjunction with the besieged army of Lord Ebersbaught within the town. To effect his object, the chances of which now looked dark and dubious enough, he set his sharpest wits at work forthwith. Perhaps he could find a man, he thought, who possessed the courage and daring to attempt the passage of the well-guarded Turkish lines.

In the midst of his perplexity, the person he wanted was just at his hand. John Smith offered a timely suggestion that seemed to be nothing less than the easy solution of the riddle. When in Vienna, in company with Lord Ebersbaught, he remembered to have told him of a telegraphic system, by which, with lighted torches, he might express any of the letters of the alphabet, and so convey both words and sentences as far as the lights could be plainly seen. Smith felt confident that Lord Ebersbaught had not by this time forgotten his secret, and proposed to put his telegraphic system in operation at the earliest moment possible. There was a high mountain, about seven miles away from

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Olympach, on the top of which he determined to light his signals. First he built three fires, equally distant from one another. The garrison saw them at once, and their commander, recollecting the secret which the young stranger had communicated to him before, quickly comprehended their mysterious meaning. He answered the signals with three similar fires from the top of the walls. Smith's heart leaped within him for joy at so happy a discovery, and he immediately telegraphed back again, by means of his torches, letter by letter, and word by word, the following sentence: "*On Thursday, at night, I will charge on the East. At the alarm, sally forth!*" Without delay the answer was returned by the delighted commander of the garrison, "*I will!*" Smith forthwith hurried back to the camp, and set on foot the necessary preparations for the approaching assault.

The Turks were divided into two bodies of ten thousand men each, and a small river flowed between them. The army of Baron Kissell consisted of only ten thousand in all. Smith studied how he might most effectually palsy the one body of the enemy with fear, and then suddenly

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fall upon the other, and rout them in the confusion. The river was all in favor of his project, too. Taking, therefore, several small cords, an hundred fathoms long, and fastening to them some three thousand matches, or fusees filled with powder, he ordered them all to be stretched and fired simultaneously just before the assault on the town, so as to deceive the body of the enemy across the river with the idea of a sudden attack upon themselves. The plan proved quite as successful as he could have wished. While Baron Kissell with his army was making a vigorous onset upon one half of the Turks, the other half stood ready and waiting for the approach of those mysterious warriors from over the river. Exactly at the right moment, too, the garrison marched out of the town upon their besiegers, who, in effect but ten thousand strong now, found themselves hemmed in between the fires of two fierce and exasperated armies. They ran about in the direst confusion, seeing the fatal trap into which they had fallen. Some tried to cross the river to their companions, and were drowned in making the attempt. Thousands of them were slain by their enemy, and

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thousands more fled in deepest dismay. Meanwhile the deluded half of the Turkish army stood waiting for the coming on of the fictitious soldiers with their imaginary musketry, unable to extend to their comrades the relief which for the brief moment of the crisis would have been so valuable.

The Turks retired with shame and confusion from the place of their late encampment, leaving the vigilant victors in undisputed possession of the town and its vicinity. Smith was forthwith made captain of a company of two hundred and fifty horse for his ingenious and valuable services in this affair, and received an abundance of other favors and rewards besides. He was known to the whole army as a man of superior daring and undisputed courage and bravery.

For a short time after this event there ensued a peace. No fighting was done on either side. It was winter; and, probably, both armies were glad to avail themselves of the respite they so much needed. Early in the following spring, however, the campaign was renewed with fresh spirit and vigor. The Turkish Sultan added new levies to his army, and so did the emperor

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of the Germans. The Archduke Mathias commanded one of the three divisions of the German army, having the Duke Mercury for his lieutenant, under whom, in turn, served the Earl of Meldritch, still the leader of Smith and his company of horse. Mathias was assigned the region of Lower Hungary, and he began his work by laying siege to a town called Abba Regalis, then in the hands of the Turks, and most strongly fortified against assault. Here again Smith's well-known ingenuity came into fortunate use. He made known to the Earl of Meldritch, his immediate commander, his invention of a species of bomb-shells, that he called the "fiery dragon," and which, filled with various explosive combustibles, was to be thrown into the town by means of a powerful sling. The earl allowed him to experiment with his new instruments of war, and our hero set himself about it with alacrity. First he learned, from such deserters as occasionally came into camp, in what parts of the town the people were accustomed chiefly to assemble, and then at the hour of midnight he threw forty or fifty of these strange missiles into their midst. They left a fiery track behind them in the sky,

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and then could be heard by the besieging army the cries and groans of the wounded and mangled enemy. The buildings in the suburbs, too, were fired, and the Turks were very much troubled to check the conflagration.

At last the besiegers resolved to make one bold and final push, and carry the place by storm. As they came on, the Turkish bashaw withdrew to the heart of the town with his men, numbering some five or six hundred, all told, and encouraged them by his individual example to fight to the last moment of their lives. It was a bloody fray, and in its progress nearly all the Turks were cut to pieces. But the town was captured, and the Christians for the first time in sixty years held it in their possession. There was already an army of sixty thousand Turks on the way to its relief; and they heard of its fall before they reached the place. Nothing daunted with the intelligence, they pressed on as fast as they could, their commander deeply chagrined at such a mortifying and altogether unexpected disaster. He hoped now to surprise the victors, and so gain an easy entrance again into the town. But the Duke Mercury had

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heard of his approach, and, strongly defending the town with a part of his troops, went forth to try the courage of his new enemy with the twenty thousand men that remained to his command. The two forces were vastly disproportioned to one another, though the advantage of superior discipline was decidedly on the side of the duke.

They met on a large plain; and, gradually, the whole of both armies was closely engaged. No people were braver than the Turks in those times, and few were more desperate in a conflict. They cared nothing for their lives, except to sell them at the very highest price. Through the rest of that day they fought, night alone bringing the combat to a temporary pause. Smith had a horse shot under him in the course of the battle, and distinguished himself more than ever by his valor and intrepidity. During the night the Turkish general, feeling satisfied that he had the enemy already in his power, secretly sent away twenty thousand of his men to besiege the town, and try at any hazard to take it again. This was a great mistake on his part, since the Duke Mercury had committed its defence to a

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sufficient number of troops to hold it against the last emergency. With what remained of his army near him, he thought he should be able to bring the enemy on the plains to terms as soon almost as he might see fit to join the encounter.

When day dawned he discovered his error at once. The duke likewise felt the need of exercising considerable wariness, and set his men to throwing up entrenchments for their better protection. Thus the two armies lay in sight of each other for several days. Unable to draw them into another battle, the Turks began to taunt them with cowardice, and defied them to come out into the open plain and fight them. Their insults finally provoked the contest they so much desired, and the imperial army offered them battle. It was but a brief struggle, — the Turks being driven from the ground with the loss of six thousand men. How great was the loss on the other side it is not stated. The Turks retreated to Buda, and the duke made a division of his army into three separate forces. One body was placed under the command of the Earl of Meldritch, who, with Smith still in his

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service, was ordered away to wage the war upon the inhabitants of Transylvania.

The earl, as it happened, was himself a native of Transylvania, and the idea of fighting his own kinsmen was not altogether agreeable to his feelings. There were two enemies of Prince Sigismund, who was the ruler of Transylvania, — the German emperor on the one side, and the Turks on the other; and it is no great wonder that the earl preferred to serve Sigismund against his old enemy, the Turks, rather than the German emperor, against the prince of his own native province. So he transferred his friendship without further delay to the cause of Transylvania, concentrating all his energies against the Turkish enemies alone. In this arrangement he was greatly assisted by Smith, who, in truth, cared little *for* whom he fought, so it was only *against* the Turks. That was his original purpose in enlisting for the general campaign.

It was a wild and rugged country in which our hero now found himself, with mountain-heights, and difficult passes, and almost inaccessible strongholds. Among these natural fortifications the Turks had succeeded in entrenching

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themselves, issuing forth with impunity to ravage the countries of the plain, and escaping again to their hiding-places in the hills, with the certainty of being secure from the reach of their enemies. Not only the Turks, but the Tartars, also, with bands of numberless vagabonds and robbers, proceeded thus to devastate the region, taking or destroying such property as they could lay their hands on, and massacreing the inhabitants without discrimination or mercy. Such enemies were of the hardest sort to encounter, for they never fought in the open plains, but secreted themselves everywhere along the mountain-passes, and dealt out death with their weapons where danger was least to be looked for.

Up among the mountains, too, they had possession of small cities, that were perched in the air like the eyries of eagles, overlooking all the vast map of territory below. One of these cities was named Regall; and, besides its natural defences against an enemy, it had been fortified to the utmost extent of which human ingenuity was capable. The Earl of Meldritch had succeeded in driving the Turks, with their barbarian allies, back to their mountain-fastnesses, till at length

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they were obliged to take refuge in these cities alone. Regall, for example, was now swarming with them, every one feeling safe within its walls, and satisfied that all attempts to capture it would end in discomfiture. It was so built on the mountain's side that it could be approached from only one quarter, and that the broad plain, or table-land, in front. Discouraging as the attempt might appear, however, the earl was not the soldier to think it entirely beyond the possibility of success. His long experience in the art of war told him many a bright and hopeful tale of the result of perseverance, and encouraged him to believe that what had been done with the help of that quality in times gone by, could just as well be done with its assistance again. And he accordingly addressed himself to the task of the siege with increased spirit and enthusiasm. His whole army did not number more than eight thousand men; but he determined that he would supply the deficiency of numbers with a higher quality of courage and skill.

They had several skirmishes, from every one of which the earl came off victorious. Slowly the Turks all retreated within the walls, and,

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feeling beyond the reach of harm there, taunted and defied their beleaguering enemy in the most scornful and insulting terms. They were amply fortified, they had a large and abundant supply of provisions, and they dared their handful of enemies to come on and do the worst they were able. Just at this crisis the forces of the earl's superior officer, Prince Moyses, reached the scene, and infused new courage into the hearts of the besiegers. The prince brought with him nine thousand men, and he immediately took command of the united armies. For a full month they worked diligently to complete their preparations for taking the town, throwing up the necessary entrenchments, and erecting the batteries that were soon to be called into destructive action. All this time the Turks kept defying and insulting them, laughing at them for their idleness, and telling them they were growing fat for want of something to do. They asked the besiegers what they really intended to do there before the town, and said they began to be afraid lest they should go away before long, and not afford any amusement for the ladies within. And, among other messages which they sent out,

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came one from a Turkish commander, named Lord Turbishaw, challenging any one captain of the enemy to meet him in single combat before the walls, and proposing that the head and personal property of the vanquished party should belong to the conqueror. The ostensible motive for the challenge was to delight the ladies with some sort of chivalric pastime.

As soon as this message was received, there was great eagerness on the part of the besiegers to accept the challenge it contained. Several captains at once offered to go out and meet the proud Turbishaw; and Smith, who, it will be remembered, commanded a company of horse, was among the number. To settle the question as to who should undertake to be the champion of the besieging army, they consented to draw lots. As luck would have it, the lot fell on Smith. Nothing, as may well be conjectured, could have resulted more agreeably to his desire. He burned for the conflict already.

The day for the combat was appointed, and a temporary truce was agreed on between the two armies. Contrary to the usual custom of the Turkish nation, which does not permit females to

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expose their faces to the public gaze of the infidels, — that is, persons of those nations that do not subscribe to their own peculiar religious faith, — the ladies on this day were to be seen upon the walls in great numbers, cheering on their champion to the contest, which they did not for a moment doubt would result in their favor. Turbishaw rode to the enclosed ground first, escorted by the music of hautboys, and attended by three of his followers, one of whom went before him, bearing his lance. He was mounted on a superb charger, and encased in a suit of shining and costly armor. He had — so Smith tells us in his Narrative — a great pair of wings, made of eagle's feathers, fastened to his shoulders, and the feathers were richly decorated with golden ornaments and precious stones. As he rode over the field to his position, a murmur of approbation ran round the Turkish ranks, and he felt himself the proud conqueror already. All eyes were next strained to get a glimpse of the rash individual who had ventured to measure weapons on that day with so haughty a foeman.

Smith was as ready as they were anxious, how-

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ever; and, as the drums struck up their stirring roll, and the trumpets brayed forth their noisy defiance, he galloped over the ground full as proudly as his enemy had done, saluting his foe with a bow as he passed him, and taking his place at the opposite side of the enclosure. The army of the besiegers rent the air with their cheers as he made his appearance, stirring the heart of their champion with the spirit of a conqueror. There was no more delay now. The trumpet gave the signal, and the two combatants rushed furiously together. Smith carried himself so firmly in his saddle, and took such true and deliberate aim with the point of his lance, that, at the very first encounter, he thrust it entirely through the beaver of his proud foe, and drove it through his eye into the brain! He fell to the ground instantly, without a groan or a struggle. Smith dismounted, unloosed the helmet of the dead man, cut off his head, and bore it away as a present to the prince under whom he served. The camp of the besiegers was at once alive with joy, and they received our hero into their arms with shouts of congratulation and welcome. This victory, they

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thought, promised everything for their own final success.

But this was not quite the end of the matter. The dead Turbishaw had a particular friend, who was very deeply attached to him. His name was Groalgo, and he was esteemed a great warrior. In his mingled rage and grief at the overthrow of his friend, he sent a message to Smith, offering to risk his own head for the privilege of recovering that of the dead Turbishaw, and to throw in his horse and armor besides. Our hero was no less ready for the fray than he showed himself before, and returned the answer that he accepted this second challenge without hesitation. The contest, it was agreed, should come off on the following day. Again the ladies covered the walls, and again the two armies anxiously looked on, and awaited the result of the combat. The champions entered the enclosure as before. The signal was given, and they drove at one another with all fierceness. At the very first blow their lances were shivered into many pieces. Each wheeled instantly and drew his pistol. Smith was wounded, though but triflingly, at the first fire. At the second, he crip-

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pled with his shot the left arm of his adversary, and rendered his horse frantic and unmanageable. In this condition he was hurled violently to the ground, where he lay quite in the power of his conqueror. Smith immediately smote off his head, took possession of his horse and armor, according to the conditions of the challenge, and returned in triumph to lay all at the feet of his prince and commander. We cannot help thinking that this act of our hero was a cruel and inhuman one, inasmuch as he had his enemy completely at his mercy, and taking his life in this situation could be little less than deliberate murder; but the standard of public opinion was not the same in those days that it is in our own, especially in the regions where such people as Turks and Tartars were wont to assemble. It would have been expected of Smith that he should have taken off the head of his enemy, even had he begged piteously for mercy.

The Turks felt downcast enough in view of these unexpected misfortunes. Their two bravest champions were slain, and their enemies became greatly elated at the issue. They ceased deriding the besiegers, and no longer sent them

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defiant or insulting messages. But Smith now felt that it was *his* turn to offer a challenge. Accordingly, he sent a polite message to the *ladies* of the town, offering to return to them the heads of his defeated enemies, if they would select a champion, and send him out to take them. If he was himself overcome, his own head should go back with the others within the walls. There was little delay in the choice of a brave warrior, named Bonny Mulgro, to undertake this business; and, on the next day, the parties met in the old place to decide the contest. Bonny Mulgro, being the challenged party, had a right to the choice of weapons; so he selected the battle-axe, the pistol, and the falchion. He knew something already of Smith's skill with the lance, and determined to give him no chance of success with his favorite weapon. Besides, he was himself very expert in the use of the battle-axe, and entertained no doubt on which side the victory would finally settle.

At the sound of the trumpet they rushed to the encounter, each discharging his pistol to no purpose. These were immediately thrown aside for the battle-axe, with which weapons the struggle was fierce and protracted. Each used his

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instrument of destruction with all the vigor of which he was capable. They rained hard and heavy blows upon one another's heads, till neither seemed to know whether he was alive or dead, or what he could be fighting for. Presently the Turk brought Smith so severe and sudden a stroke as to knock his battle-axe out of his hand. Then the friends of the Turk set up a loud shout, as if the chances of his foe were gone beyond recovery. But that very shout brought our hero to his senses in a twinkling again; and, with an almost superhuman effort, he rallied himself for one more desperate and final endeavor. Guiding his horse with such skilfulness as to avoid the blows of his enemy, he drew his falchion suddenly from its sheath, and, rushing madly upon him, he run it through his body at a single thrust. In an instant he was stretched upon the ground, and Smith was at hand to deprive him of the head which he had seen fit to risk in so rash and profitless an encounter.

Thus did Smith become the hero of three combats, and lay the heads of three of the chosen champions of the enemy at the feet of the prince whom he so faithfully served. All this afforded

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anything but a very humane, or even an intellectual entertainment for those who assembled to witness so exciting a scene; but we must bear in mind that the world itself was hardly out of the woods of barbarism in those days, and that those refined and lofty sentiments that belong to humanity in a more cultivated condition, were, at that time, and in those particular regions, almost, if not entirely, unknown.

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CHAPTER III.

SOLD INTO SLAVERY.

SO intoxicated with joy was the army, and so deeply affected with gratitude were the generals, at these successive victories of our hero, that a pageant of six thousand men was ordered to escort him through the camp. The three heads of his enemies were borne on uplifted spears before the three captured horses, and Smith was marched in this style of an ancient conqueror into the tent of the prince. The latter embraced him with ardor, bestowed on him a great deal of praise for his bravery and skill, and presented him with a splendid steed, gorgeously caparisoned, a bright and flashing scimetar, and a costly belt. He likewise received additional rewards from the Earl of Meldritch, and was forthwith promoted in his service. Subsequently, also, when the Prince Sigismund came into the camp

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to review the army, hearing of his distinguished courage, he presented him with his portrait framed in gold, settled on him a pension of three hundred ducats for every year he lived, and gave him of his own accord a patent of nobility, which was afterwards recorded, as such things usually are, in what is called the Herald's College, in England. By the gift of this patent, therefore, Smith at once became a nobleman.

The preparations for opening the assault on the walls of the tower of Regall being finally completed, the work was begun by the discharge of twenty-six cannon, that kept up a perpetual fire for about two weeks. *Perseverance* had been the watchword of the commander from the beginning; and, with perseverance, the much-desired object was attained at last. Two wide breaches were effected by the fire of the guns, through which the troops were commanded to enter. For a while the Turks resisted with all their well-known bravery, fighting the besiegers fiercely hand to hand, and selling their lives at the dearest possible rate. But a prolonged resistance promised nothing but a speedier death than they might otherwise find, and they soon

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beat a retreat to the castle, or citadel. Here they shut themselves up, secure for the time in the refuge which it offered.

But the enemy speedily brought their guns to bear on this last fortress, eager to get at the hated foes to which it gave shelter. It was to little purpose now that the hard-pressed inmates sent out a flag-of-truce, or that they offered to capitulate on any terms that might be submitted. Their conquerors felt that they had them already in their power, and the recollection of former wrongs it was exceedingly difficult to wipe out. They neither heard nor heeded, therefore, the prayers and petitions that were borne on every breath of the mountain air to their ears. The moment they had caused a breach in the castle's walls, they sprang in and commenced an indiscriminate slaughter, such as makes one's blood run cold to relate. All were put to the sword in a spirit of the most barbarous cruelty. Their heads were cut off and stuck around the walls of the town,—horrible proofs to those who saw them of the bloody havoc that had been going on within. It was a dreadful massacre, from which none escaped to their friends to tell the sorry tale.

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Prince Moyses left the place soon after in the keeping of a sufficient garrison, and set out with the rest of his army upon other and more distant expeditions. Cities were sacked, and town after town was carried by assault. In all these revolting experiences of the army, Smith, of course, took a very active part; but he has confessed, in the Narrative of his own life, how little his inner and better feelings approved of the terrible scenes through which he was compelled to pass. The enemy, to be sure, would no doubt in all cases have been guilty of the same cruelties, had it but fallen within their power; yet that is but a poor extenuation, we must allow, of the conduct of those whose better fortune made them the conquerors.

About this time Prince Sigismund, of Transylvania, finding that he could never hope successfully to make head against both the German emperor and the Turks combined, so far bethought himself of the unhappy condition of his subjects as to accept the terms of peace which the emperor offered him, and, by retiring with the title and the ample fortune of a nobleman, gave over his rule to the former altogether.

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He saw that his country was fast falling in pieces, in consequence of these two wars, and he had the good of his subjects too much at heart to persist in a course that was now little less than downright folly, and must surely lead to their ultimate destruction. But the Prince Moyses, who held command under him, would not yield on any terms to the demands of the emperor. In this determination he was supported by his troops, and soon after led them on to an encounter with the forces of the Germans. He was beaten, and obliged to flee to his old enemies, the Turks, for refuge and succor. Smith, however, did not happen to be in his service in this unlucky emergency, but still remained near his old friend, the Earl of Meldritch. The latter was simply waiting for another brush with the common foe, the Turks, for which an opportunity was not long in coming. It would have been folly for him to have attempted anything now on his own account, and he therefore turned over both his arms and his allegiance to the emperor at the same moment.

Jeremias was at that time the governor of the Turkish province called Wallachia, whose dis-

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satisfied subjects had just revolted, and succeeded in expelling him from the territory; and, in order to keep him out altogether, they begged the German emperor to come to their assistance. Of course, he waited for no second invitation. The prospect of extending his sway over additional foreign territories was temptation enough to send him to the rescue without delay or the asking of any questions. The moment the Germans entered the province they appointed a new governor of their own, named Rodell, and prepared to go and meet the enemy wherever they might find them. By great labor and perseverance the exiled governor, Jeremias, managed to collect an army of some forty thousand men around his standard, and offered the intruders battle. Rodell retreated again to Transylvania, in the face of so unexpected a force, and asked for more assistance from the Germans. At once, therefore, the Earl of Meldritch was ordered to join him with a force of thirty thousand men,—an army that was distinguished for its experience, and training, and valor. Smith served under him, and both hastened to Rodell's support into Wallachia.

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They found Jeremias encamped on the plains, waiting for more assistance from the Tartars. The camp was very strongly fortified, so that the German, or the Christian army, as they styled themselves, did not venture to disturb them in their position. The Christian army encamped likewise. The two forces engaged in frequent skirmishes from day to day, all of which were remarkable more for their savage cruelty than for their importance to the fortunes of either. The most shocking barbarities were enacted continually. Rodell would behead the prisoners that were taken in these skirmishes, and, during the night, fling the heads, all bloody and ghastly, into the trenches of his enemy. On the other hand, Jeremias would strip his prisoners of their skins, while they were still alive, and, after sticking the quivering bodies on long stakes and poles, hold them up to the terrified vision of the Germans. Finally Rodell feigned a retreat, in order to draw his enemy out of their encampment. The deceit fully answered its design, and the Turks came forth in hot and precipitate pursuit. Decoyed into a position where they no longer had the advantage, they were fallen upon

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by the infuriated Germans with terrible energy, and the slaughter became at once indiscriminate and fearful. It was a hand-to-hand fight, and Smith says that one could not obtain a footing anywhere except on the strewn carcasses of slaughtered men. The Christians were victorious in the end; but twenty-five thousand men of both armies were left dead on the plain.

Jeremias, with the remnant of an army numbering fourteen thousand men, fled to another province called Moldavia, and Rodell for a time exercised his office unmolested as governor of Wallachia. Jeremias, however, was active, and did not for a moment intermit his efforts to recover his power. Collecting together an army of nearly forty-five thousand men, composed alike of Tartars and Turks, he led them on against the usurper of his office and dignities. The Earl of Meldritch was sent out to meet him, having but thirteen thousand under his command. It was not supposed that Jeremias had such a large force at his disposal, and, of course, but moderate preparations were made to oppose him. As soon, however, as Meldritch saw the immense disproportion between the two armies,

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he prudently thought best to retire again. All the way along the course of their retreat they were engaged in constant skirmishes, sometimes resulting to their own advantage, and sometimes to that of the enemy. Far away in their rear lay the town called Rottenton, which was built by Rodell; and, if they could but reach that, Meldritch knew they were safe.

There came a foggy night, when it was impossible for the army of Meldritch to see any distance from their position. Hardly had the morning dawned again, when they unexpectedly came upon a body of Turks, two thousand strong. The fog was all in their favor, and they charged upon them with fearful effect. From the prisoners they took, it was learned that during the night Jeremias had stolen around in their rear, and would soon be upon them in full vigor and vengeance. Still beyond, too, was approaching an army of Tartars, numbering at least forty thousand. Meldritch instantly perceived the necessity of giving battle to the Turks under Jeremias before the Tartars could come up and join them. And in this juncture Smith's ingenuity as a manufacturer of fireworks came

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readily to his assistance. Jeremias had stationed himself at the only mountain-pass through which they could hope to reach Rottenton, and it could be forced only by some stratagem like that which Smith was prompt to propose. Accordingly, he made a great number of rockets, and secured them to the points of their lances; and, as soon as night came on, they pushed forward to effect a passage through the gorge. They charged furiously with their lances, and, at the right moment, the rockets exploded together. The suddenness of the encounter, the noise of the explosions, the flaming and blazing of the unearthly lights, and the shouts of the excited army, so bewildered the horses and men of the beleaguering enemy, that they turned and fled in the utmost fear and consternation. The pass was thus carried without the least trouble, and almost without any action with the enemy whatever.

Still the forty thousand Tartars lay beyond. Before they could hope to reach the town that was looked to as their refuge, they knew they must make their way through this body of barbarians. Meldritch pressed on, however, and

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came upon them about nine miles from Rottenton. He saw there was no hope for him but in meeting the danger bravely; for this was the only way by which he could reach the town, and the thought of flight was out of the question. The position was between the mountain called Rottenton and a little river. The Christians put themselves in readiness for the encounter, though they knew that to the larger portion of them it would be the last in which they would ever engage. At the base of the mountain Meldritch drew up his little army, driving into the earth stout stakes, that had been hardened in the fire, as a protection in moments of great harassment or of special danger. These stakes were sharpened, and all pointed outward, to prevent the enemy from either approaching their front or turning their flank.

The battle was not begun until the middle of the day, when the Tartars drove upon them like an infuriated storm. They were gallantly driven back, and immediately a fresh reinforcement was rained on the devoted army with redoubled vigor. For an hour this kind of fighting was kept up, the Tartar forces alternately driving on and being

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driven back. Then the Christians felt their strength giving out, and, according to previous orders, they took refuge behind the palisade of sharpened stakes. But even this defence was slight, and afforded them only a temporary shelter. So dense became the crowds of the enemy, so hotly did they push on to meet their entrenched foe, and with such madness were they incited to carry the contest to the most bloody and unmerciful extremity, that Meldritch at once drew together his choicest troops, and told them there was nothing left them but to cut their way through the swarming hosts before them. And forthwith he issued the order for the almost hopeless charge.

Meldritch himself, with some fourteen hundred horsemen, managed to fight their passage through the enemy, and cross the little river; but of the rest, very few lived to relate the tale of their fearful struggle. The leading officers were all cut down in the fight, and noblemen, barons, earls, and common soldiers, lay mingled on the bloody battle-field together. There were left at least thirty thousand of the slain of both armies on the ground, — a melancholy but fatal proof of

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the desperateness of the conflict that had been waged. And among the piles of the wounded and the dead lay Smith himself, showing that his courage had stoutly held out to the last. When the victors began their search for living captives through the heaps of fallen ones, his costly uniform, and his groans of agony, readily attracted their attention. He was badly wounded, but, as it happened, not mortally. They took him from the field, and bore him away, caring for his injuries with much tenderness. As soon as he was well enough to be marched off with them, he was taken, with many other prisoners, to the Turkish slave-market, at Axiopolis, and there exposed for sale. A customer was not long in making his appearance, whose name was Bashaw Bogall. He paid the price asked for the slave, and at once sent him away to Constantinople as a present to his lady-love, the Lady Tragabigzanda. They were yoked together by twenties, and driven off to the crowded Turkish capital.

The Bashaw Bogall sent a message to his mistress to the effect that he had himself captured this slave in war, and that he was a person of rank belonging to Bohemia. His object in tell-

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ing this downright falsehood was to establish himself in higher favor with his chosen fair one. He thought that, if she knew something of her lover's prowess in battle, he would be able to secure a readier and closer access to her heart. He evidently counted much on his mistress' admiration of his courage and chivalry. But, as it turned out, the personal appearance of our hero enlisted her sympathies and her interest even more than the dazzling qualities of her former lover had done. The lady thought she liked Smith about as well as she did the Bashaw Bogall; and, being thus interested in him, and each of them being able likewise to speak the Italian language, she became eager to learn from him the story of his capture. When Smith told her exactly how it was, and undeceived her in her false belief that he was a Bohemian nobleman, her growing indifference to her old lover suddenly deepened into a feeling of disgust and contempt. Other prisoners, likewise, substantiated Smith's straight-forward story. And, from that time, she discarded her former friend, the lying and cowardly Bashaw Bogall, and secretly became the betrothed of our hero and adventurer.

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There were beautiful gardens about the Turkish houses; and in such places did the Lady Tragabigzanda and her slave pass much of their time together, talking in the musical Italian tongue, and listening to the melody of singing-birds and falling waters. To Smith this was a delightful period of repose and peace. He felt that he was beloved of at least one heart, and that in the society of his mistress he could be altogether happy. But it was useless for *him* to count upon repose and quietude. He was made for rough action, and it was soon ready for him again to enter upon. The young lady's mother had suspected something of this attachment between them, and now began to show unmistakable signs of her displeasure. As soon as this feeling came to the notice of our hero's new friend, she determined to be before her mother's project, and save her lover from again being sold into a strange slavery, by sending him forthwith to her brother, who lived in Tartary. The mother was deceived by her daughter's plan, and acceded to it as soon as it was proposed. But, in order to feel secure of her lover's safety, the daughter despatched with him a letter to her

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brother, confiding to him the tender relation that existed between herself and her slave, and begging him to keep the latter in safety until the time should arrive when she could be her own mistress, or until she should come of age.

Smith reached his destination, but only to be greatly disappointed in the character of the person to whose keeping he had been entrusted. The Turks hated the foreigners with all their hearts, and called them everywhere by the name of Infidels. The thought of his sister's being betrothed to an infidel, therefore, was more than the brother could quietly endure. The letter, containing the unfortunate confession of attachment, served but to increase and intensify his hate. Instead of taking pains to provide for the comfort and safety of our hero, he set to work and maliciously placed him in the most galling position of servitude. He heaped upon him cruelties and indignities from which the others were apparently free. He administered to him the severest punishments, and for no better reason than because he *chose* to visit him with these marks of his anger. The dissatisfaction that he felt with his sister's conduct, he seemed deter-

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mined to return in the forms of increased vengeance upon the innocent head of his slave.

For more than six months did our hero suffer in this state of captivity, smarting under his wrongs continually. All this time he succeeded in hearing nothing from the fair sister of his oppressor, though he felt that she could know nothing of his unhappy condition. In vain had he watched and waited for the hour of his deliverance. He saw no relief except in his own strong arm and resolution. But at length the opportunity offered itself. Smith was at work, threshing out corn, in a little house about three miles distant from the place where his master dwelt. The latter had been unmercifully cruel to him for some time previous, and our hero's feelings were exceedingly irritated in consequence. On this particular day the master and the slave happened to be there alone. The former, without any cause, began his old pastime of flogging Smith with his whip, when the latter suddenly turned upon him furiously with his flail. His blood was up; he remembered in that single moment all his past wrongs; the hope of freedom once more dawned delightfully upon his

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thoughts; and he plied his flail over the head of his master with all the strength he had, and speedily beat out the monster's brains. It was a deed that had been very suddenly conceived, and quite as suddenly executed.

Instantly he robbed the body of its clothes, secreted it under the straw, dressed himself in his tyrant's garments, mounted his horse, and galloped swiftly away. He took the precaution, however, to supply himself with a small quantity of corn, not knowing to what extremities he might be reduced in crossing the vast wastes of the uninhabited desert beyond. He rode on, and rode on, for three long and weary days, ignorant of the course that he ought to pursue, but confiding altogether to the same Providence that had so kindly kept him till now. At length he came to a cross, planted like a guide-post in the desert sand. The Tartars erected several signs along their desert routes, each one being significant of the character of the people towards which it pointed. For example, a cross showed the way to a Christian country,—as this very cross did which Smith so fortunately discovered; a half-moon pointed to

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SMITH ESCAPING FROM TARTARY.

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Crim Tartary; a picture of the sun to China; and a black man, covered with white spots, to Persia and Georgia. With a heart overflowing with thankfulness for so acceptable a sight, he rode swiftly on in the direction which the cross indicated, and, after sixteen days of travel and fatigue, reached the Russian town of Ecopolis, on the banks of the river Don.

Smith had the happy knack of making friends wherever he went; and in Ecopolis he soon found that he had a plenty of them. The Lady Callamata took pity on his condition, and exerted herself to the utmost to relieve him of his distress. She enlisted the sympathies of the governor by her narration of his experience, and forthwith measures were put on foot to return him to his former friends in Transylvania. The governor not only filled his purse with money, but likewise furnished him with letters of recommendation to his own friends in Transylvania, and then added an escort to conduct him safely along through the country. For the whole length of the route his narrative enlists friends and sympathizers for him, every one offering congratulations at his escape from such a people

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as the Tartars. At last he reached the end of his journey, where both of his old friends, Prince Sigismund and the Earl of Meldritch, welcomed him with mingled astonishment and joy. They certainly believed that he had fallen in the great battle before Rottenton, and had mourned him as dead long ago. The prince was so overjoyed to recover him again, that he made him a present of fifteen hundred ducats, and promised him additionally all the assistance he had it in his power to bestow.

With this large accession to his purse, though having first recruited himself in the now quiet neighborhood of his friends, our hero took his leave, and set out on a tour of observation and pleasure through Germany, France, and Spain. No particular motive actuated him in his travels, unless we allow the desire to see the world to be one; and this desire Smith assuredly possessed in the highest degree. He visited every city that had any attraction for him, loitering along by the way in the true style of an idle sight-seer and adventurer. Finally, he found himself in Spain. There he heard of the wars in Morocco, and resolved, in an impulse, to go

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over and see for himself what was likely to come of them. Besides, his funds were gone by this time, and before he returned to England it was very necessary that they should be replenished.

Falling in with the commander of a French vessel of war, whose name was Captain Merham, he proceeded on his excursion to Morocco and the Barbary coast. The natives at that time were engaged in a civil war, and Smith and his friend, after looking around, concluded that no possible profit could come from mixing themselves up in the troubles. So they wisely withdrew, and went on a cruise on their own account at sea.

They sailed along past the Canary Islands, nothing occurring to disturb the monotony of the voyage until they suddenly came up with a vessel or two, laden with Teneriffe wine; and this seems of a sudden to decide the real character of the vessel in which Smith had embarked. Captain Merham was a *pirate*, and his conduct bears testimony enough against him. The vessels were captured without opposition, and the commander stood on his course again. It was not a great while before he espied a couple of

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strange-looking craft, whose character he was particularly anxious to make out. So he crowded sail, and hurried away in pursuit. But, before he could be made to understand the danger into which he was so thoughtlessly rushing, he discovered that he had cast himself, as it were, into the very jaws of destruction. The two strange vessels happened to be Spanish men-of-war, and their combined armament was sufficient to blow him and his men high and dry out of the water

Merham, seeing his mistake, endeavored to make the best of his way out of its troublesome consequences. But his better resolution came a little too late for him to take proper advantage of it. The Spaniards at once closed in with him, and as bloody and desperate a battle as the sea has ever witnessed was fought for nearly two entire days! After the first hour's struggle, the Spaniard managed to board his enemy, and it seemed for a time as if he must strike his colors and yield to the massacre. But the guns of the Frenchman kept playing on his antagonist the while, and, just at this crisis, it was discovered that the boarding vessel was in a sinking con-

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dition. Immediately the Frenchman drew off from the grapple, and leaving his crippled enemy either to sink or repair, just as fortune might turn for them, sailed away in the hopes of escaping altogether. But the other vessel was watchful, and immediately gave chase. They fought in an irregular style all that afternoon, and, at night, the crippled Spaniard having made repairs and joined his companion, they both chased after the Frenchman again, keeping up the hot pursuit till morning. As the day dawned, and revealed to them their relative positions, the Spaniards came up with their persevering enemy, and again offered battle.

Before coming to action, however, the Frenchman was summoned to strike his colors, and surrender to the Spanish flag. He was offered immunity from any further harm on the acceptance of these conditions. But Captain Merham, instead of sending back a civil reply, answered the proposal with a cannon-ball! Of course there was no more parley, and the two men-of-war at once closed in and boarded their common enemy. On came the Spanish sailors over the decks of Captain Merham, pouring in overwhelming num-

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bers into his rigging, and dropping his mainsail to the deck with a suddenness that rendered the vessel quite unmanageable. In no way could they be driven from his deck but by an explosion; and this was the fearful alternative to which resort was finally had. In an instant the enemy were gone; but Capt. Merham found that the firing of his own vessel was the price at which he was rid of them. Now the Spaniards opened a fire upon the burning ship, while its occupants were hard at work to quench the flames, and unable so much as to return a single shot. By dint of almost superhuman exertions the fires were extinguished at last, and the unyielding Frenchman once more stood bravely to his guns. Again the Spaniards summoned their enemy to surrender, holding out the same promises of quarter as before. But the Frenchman answered only from the mouth of his cannon.

The rest of that day the action was kept up, and even the coming on of night did not at once bring it to a close. Gun answered briskly to gun, and the combatants were as fiercely resolved upon each other's destruction as ever. But the denser darkness finally separated them, and the

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courageous Frenchman knew that he was beyond the reach of his stronger enemy at last. It does not require any very great stretch of the imagination to picture our hero taking an active part in this most protracted and bloody engagement, although little is really known about the service which he is supposed to have actually rendered. He certainly had performed no trifling deeds of individual valor on similar occasions before this; and it may readily be conjectured that in this affair he was not a whit behind the rest, the captain himself included, in an activity and a daring that alone availed to rescue them from the danger into which they had so recklessly plunged.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE SETTLEMENT OF JAMESTOWN.

IT is very uncertain how Smith got back to England again. We simply know that he was there about the time when the project of colonizing North America was talked of so generally, and that his enthusiastic and courageous spirit most naturally led him to sympathize with the bold plans that were then set on foot. In order the better to understand the exact state of affairs in England at the time in relation to this country, it will be well to briefly review what had already been done in the way of colonization, and take a hasty glance at the nature and merits of the designs to establish settlements on the shores of the American continent.

Since the discoveries of the Spaniards and Portuguese in the southern parts of America, and the narration of those bewildering tales that

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were brought back to Europe, and spread all over England and the continent, the public mind had been very much excited about the New World, and from time to time many a profitless expedition had been sent over to obtain tidings of the country and its people. The stories of Cortez in Mexico, and of Pizarro in Peru, had, for years, held a mysterious power over the imaginations of men, and they longed to visit shores where such golden dreams promised even the least degree of realization. The success of the Spanish arms in Central and Southern America fired all hearts. The dazzling descriptions that adventurers gave of such parts of Florida as had been visited, and of the shores of that lordly stream, — the Mississippi, — completely turned their heads, and set people to longing for the dawn of a day when they could live in such a dreamy climate idly and altogether at their ease. Tales, too, were told of the vast mineral wealth of America, as if the very earth itself were of gold and silver, and beds of precious stones were to be had for the digging.

In addition to these various causes of an excited public feeling in Europe, the English

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were possessed with the idea of discovering a North-west Passage to India; and now for several years they had been sending out vessels to establish such a passage beyond a doubt. England was likewise jealous in the extreme of the success of Spain in her maritime adventures, and desired to place herself on at least an equal footing, both in the New World and on the seas, with her old enemy and rival. Her leading men thought there must be large accumulations of gold in lands lying north of Hudson's Straits. Accordingly, English vessels were to be found all about in the higher northern latitudes of the American continent, floating in and out the bays of Newfoundland, as well as among the Spanish ships in the neighborhood of Central America. Admiral Frobisher was exploring the coasts of Labrador, hoping to fall upon mines of wealth untold. Sir Humphrey Gilbert united with his step-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, in an expedition, in the year 1578, and they got ready for sea. The expedition proved very unfortunate, however, many of the men having deserted, and the vessels returned again into port. A second fleet of five ships was afterwards fitted out, and

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Gilbert took command. The adv
to be disastrous from its beginni
broke out on board one of the vess
had to return. He proceeded with th
before long arrived at Newfoundland, of which he took possession in the name of Queen Elizabeth. There he was obliged to abandon one of his remaining four ships, and soon after another foundered somewhere off the coast of Maine. Then disaffection began to prevail among his company, and finally a regular mutiny broke out. The men compelled him to give over any further design of prosecuting his voyage, and to promise to return with them at once to England. But for this violent interference, he would have proceeded further south, and, doubtless, settled somewhere along the Atlantic coast. He was seen for the last time on the deck of his little vessel, which was only about twice the length of the long-boat of a merchant-ship, trying to keep up the spirits of his crew, and telling them that they were "as near Heaven by sea as by land." The night passed, during the whole of which a fearful storm was raging; and in the morning no trace of the devoted little bark was to be seen.

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With her brave commander, and her frightened crew, she had gone down beneath the waters forever.

Raleigh had been wonderfully interested in these American expeditions from his earliest youth; and now he resolved still a third time to set one on foot, nothing daunted in his designs by the unhappy fate of his step-brother. The expense was wholly paid out of his own purse, and he meant that the glory should be his own, too. Two of his vessels, commanded by Captains Armidas and Barlow, reached the Carolina coast on the second of July, 1584, and penetrated Ocrakoke Inlet, taking possession of the country in the name of their virgin queen, and naming it after her, Virginia. Their description of the region is romantic in the extreme. They described the air as being filled with the most delicious fragrance, — the trees as being gigantic oaks, sweet-smelling trees, and aromatic cedars, about whose branches and trunks wild vines were twining and hanging in graceful wreaths and festoons, — the fruits along the shores as being thick clusters of grapes that darkened the ground, and dipped their purple

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wealth into the laving waters of the sea, — and the arbors in the woods as being so dark and shaded that the brightness of a hot midsummer sun could not penetrate to their refreshing shadows. They also spoke of the natives of the country in the same poetic and highly-colored strain; representing them to be a singularly peaceful and harmless race of beings, who seemed to be enjoying in their own silent forests an existence that might well be called free and blessed.

When they came back to England with these stories, it is easy to believe that the feelings of all who heard them were excited to an unusual degree. Sir Walter Raleigh, the planner of the expedition, was especially delighted. The queen was not less so, and bestowed on him fresh marks of her royal favor. Immediately, therefore, he equipped another small fleet, this time taking care to send out with it such men and families as were willing to settle permanently in the new country. There were one hundred and eight of them, in all, with Sir Ralph Lane for their governor. They landed on the island of Roanoke, and went to work in earnest to found a colony.

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But the governor was unfitted for the direction of such an adventure, and misfortune was almost certainly to be expected. Nothing is known of the history or fate of the settlement further than that during its existence a single female child was born among them, to which was given the name of "Virginia." Raleigh sent out relief to them afterwards; but the spot was found to have been abandoned, and was even then in a state of desolate ruin. Had he himself led forth the settlers at the outset, their fate might have been very different; but all his individual efforts were subsequently made in South America, and in the neighborhood of Panama.

Until the year 1602, when Queen Elizabeth died, and James of Scotland became king, few, if any, attempts at colonizing North America were undertaken. In that year, however, one Gosnold came over to Virginia, staid a short time, and returned with a ship-load of sassafras and lumber. Next followed another attempt under a man named Pring, who succeeded about as well as Gosnold had done, and returned without disaster. By degrees the idea of the voyage became more and more familiar to men's minds.

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They looked at the possible results of such expeditions from more practical points of view. The former romantic and improbable descriptions of the new region had, in a great measure, lost their influence, and the projects for colonization had changed their character of vagueness and dreaminess, and assumed the shape of sober and serious facts, such as were capable of being actually attained.

This was the time when John Smith happened to return to England from his extended travels and experiences abroad; and certainly it seemed as if now the man and the occasion had, by great good fortune, come together. He was but little over twenty-five years old, and his manly energies were very fully developed. He had seen enough of rugged life on the continent to fit him for any expedition, however trying to his powers of endurance. His courage and his temper had gone through the most fiery trials, and out of them all he had come with increased strength and self-command. As it happened, too, a new expedition was planning now for Virginia, and Smith was the man of all others to help give it practical shape and character.

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With Gosnold and others he succeeded, after a long and tedious delay, in procuring a grant for their company, which was called a Patent; and a sufficient number of the nobility and wealthy merchants furnished the expedition with supplies. This patent gave the company a large tract of land on the coast of America from the thirty-fourth to the thirty-eighth degree of north latitude, together with all the islands within a hundred miles of the shore. The king reserved to himself, however, the final authority over the country, wishing to make and unmake its officers just as he chose, and selfishly grasping for whatever revenues were likely to accrue after its thorough settlement. So that, after all, this company was nothing more than a mercantile adventure, without any actual powers of its own, and dependent entirely upon the pleasure of the whimsical king for its existence and continuation.

The names of both the governor and council were sealed up in a chest before they took their departure, with strict orders not to open the same until they should have landed in Virginia. The company consisted of one hundred and five

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men, of whom forty-eight were *gentlemen*, and but a single one a regular *sailor!* They had but three small vessels, the largest of which did not measure more than a hundred tons' burthen. Captain Christopher Newport, an old and experienced sailor, was their commander.

On the nineteenth day of December, in the year 1606, the motley little party of adventurers set sail. Grander enterprises are rarely begun with more trifling materials, although history abundantly shows that great results have invariably grown out of the smallest beginnings the world over. For six long weeks they did not lose sight of the English shore, being detained by storms and opposing winds. The men got into disputes and wrangles in the mean while, and it took all the persuasive power of the clergyman on board, whose name was Hunt, to preserve the peace. They knew that the real officers of the expedition would not be known until the box was opened in Virginia, and were not, therefore, disposed to obey any authority until that time. Of course a man like Smith would not be likely to be long silent during the prevalence of such troubles; and it was not a great while before he

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drew upon himself the ill-will and vengeance of all the mischief-makers in the company. Gradually this feeling spread among the leaders of the expedition, and he found himself at length the object of almost universal jealousy and hatred. No doubt the mutineers disliked him for his remarkable energy in quelling a disturbance; while, on the other hand, he was odious to the leaders, because of the superior spirit and experience which he could not have failed to betray from the beginning.

At length they found themselves off the Canary Islands, which lie near the western coast of Africa. By this time the bad feeling broke forth in acts of hostility and violence. One trifling pretext after another was offered for the steps they were about to take, and they believed, in their short-sightedness, that such were sufficient to uphold them in their tyranny. They concerted the plan secretly among themselves, and, before he could have suspected what was coming, Smith suddenly found himself arrested, and in chains! Some of them openly charged him with treason to the king, explaining that he intended to murder the leaders, and usurp the

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entire government. But *how* he was to get the control of three different vessels at the same moment, does not so readily appear. He quietly submitted, however, to their cowardly treatment, knowing well enough that his own turn would come by and by. He lost nothing of his even temper, but waited for a change in perfect peace.

They kept him in irons for thirteen weeks, proceeding to the West India Islands in the mean time, stopping to take in water, trading with the natives, and spending at least three weeks on shore. Smith enjoyed no liberty with them there, however, but remained closely confined all the time they were revelling in the balmy airs of these tropical latitudes. Still he murmured not at their cruelties. He had long before learned how to endure a slavery far more languishing and hopeless than that.

When they sailed again from the West Indies, they steered northward in the direction of the island of Roanoke. Gosnold, who was one of the company, had, as we have seen, been there before. The reason of their sailing so much out of the way as to the West India Islands, was, that the more direct route had not then been dis-

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covered; this was the track to the New World that Columbus himself had first marked out, and they felt safe in following along after him. As they kept on their way, they found to their dismay, after a time, that they had lost their reckoning. They knew they ought to be somewhere in the vicinity of Roanoke, yet they could not see the first signs of land. The men became alarmed and dissatisfied. Finally they began to talk among themselves of going home again, and even insisted on being taken back to England. It was no more than might well have been expected from the greater part of them; but it seemed that they were not, after all, to have their own way. At this crisis they were overtaken by a tempest, and, for a part of a day, and during one entire night, they were driven along before the fury of the storm whithersoever it chanced to carry them.

Providence held this seed of a mighty nation safely in the hollow of his hand. They were drifted into the quiet waters of Chesapeake Bay, greatly to their joy and the dissipation of their fears. The word Chesapeake, in the Indian tongue, signifies the "mother of waters." In

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their case, at least, it seemed a singularly appropriate appellation. The point of land which they passed on their left hand, as they went within the bay, they called Cape Henry; and to that on the right hand, or the northern side, they gave the name of Cape Charles. Then, as they entered James River, — which was then called Powhatan River, in honor of the Indian sovereign of the country, — they dropped their anchors within a quiet little harbor, that was protected from the swell of the outer bay by a jutting point of land; and upon this point of land they bestowed the name of Point *Comfort*. After their varied fortunes on the ocean, it must have been a place of comfort to them, indeed.

This was further than Europeans had ever before penetrated into the country. Expecting at the beginning of their voyage to plant themselves upon an island that was already pretty well known to the adventurers of England, they found in the end that they had been directed by a wiser power than their own within the bays and rivers of the vast continent, whence would proceed in the lapse of time such gigantic influences as would first settle, and then civilize a

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trackless and unmeasured wilderness. The scenery on the river shores was beautiful in the extreme. The grand old trees, that had been growing unhewn for a long line of generations; the silent and mysterious forest solitudes, within whose profound depths no paths were ready to conduct their eyes or their feet; the luxuriant foliage, clothing the stately trees in a dress of matchless splendor, and fringing the river-banks so deeply as to trail its emerald wealth far along the course of the flowing stream; the far-reaching expanse of hill and valley, all darkened with the growth of innumerable trees, and shrubs, and vines; these things wrought silently and secretly upon their bewildered minds, and they could not help feeling as if they had found the true Eden-spot of the world at last. No fancies could properly answer to the realities everywhere around them, except such as from their very youth had been inseparable from pictures of Paradise and Heaven. They looked over the green earth about them, now clad in the rich verdure of a new spring, and nothing seemed wanting to complete the illusion that an inflamed imagination was ready to demand.

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Agreeably to their directions, they proceeded in the first place to open the sealed box and ascertain who were to be officers of the colony. So the precious box was broken open on the night they reached the shore, and the facts of the case duly set before the various members of the company. By the instructions contained within, they were to be governed by a President and Council. The names of the Council were Wingfield, Gosnold, John Smith, Captain Newport, Radcliffe, Martin, and Kendall. They were empowered to elect their own President, and to hold their office for the term of one year. Smith, however, was not admitted to his seat in the Council, but was still kept in confinement on board one of the vessels in the river.

For nearly three weeks the company were employed in looking about them for a proper place for a settlement. In the course of their wanderings and their search, they came upon beds of oysters, lying as thickly together as it was possible to pack them; they likewise were regaled with the sight of most beautiful flowers, of various kinds and colors; they picked blushing strawberries from the woodland hillsides,

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redder and sweeter than the same fruit could be found in England; and of the valuable trees which came under their observation were many sturdy stems of the cedar and the cypress. They fell in with savages, too, who were natives of the region; and the Indians treated them kindly at first, showing them their cornfields, that were just becoming green with the bursting blades, and offering them their pipes to smoke as they gathered in friendly groups beneath the trees. The settlers likewise went to the Indian villages, where they were treated with continued kindness, and where they learned to eat hominy and smoke the weed of Virginia. One of the party afterwards described an Indian chief in these words: "His body was painted all with crimson, with a chain of beads about his neck; his face painted blue, besprinkled with silver ore, as we thought; his ears all behung with bracelets of pearl, and in either ear a bird's claw through it, beset with fine copper or gold. He entertained us in so modest a proud fashion, as though he had been a prince of civil government." The same writer added that the rest of the Indians "were armed with bows and arrows in a most

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warlike manner, with the swords at their backs beset with sharp stones and pieces of iron, able to cleave a man in sunder."

The vessels sailed up the river forty miles, and finally anchored. On the north side of the river was a peninsula; and here they resolved to settle, thinking that in the course of time a great city would grow up from this modest beginning. As they had re-named the river the James River, from their sovereign at home, so they called their settlement Jamestown, after him likewise. It was on the thirteenth day of May, in the year 1607, when they began to clear away the trees for the new city; and on that remarkable day a new and bright leaf was added to the history of the world.

As soon as they had determined on a site for their settlement, the Council met together and elected one of their number President. The office fell to Wingfield, who immediately took the required oath, and, in turn, administered it to the several members of the Council. Smith was carefully excluded from his seat at the board, inasmuch as the charges of insubordination and treason were still pending against him.

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It really seems strange to us, looking back at the affair from this point in our history, how sober-minded men could ever have been so narrow and selfish in their conduct, or how they could have allowed themselves to be influenced by such trifling considerations as either jealousy or fear of a person like our adventurer. But such was the course which they saw fit to pursue, and they have left us at perfect liberty to characterize their motives as severely as we see fit. Still Smith makes no sort of complaint. He is patient and peaceful in his lengthened imprisonment. He merely awaits the approach of the proper moment to assert his innocence, husbanding his energies and his temper together.

But, as the daily work about the settlement progresses, it is found that the services of a clear head, and a stout arm, like those of Smith, cannot so easily be spared. Accordingly, he is removed from on board the vessel in the river, and set to work with the rest. Like a true and noble-hearted man, instead of now refusing to help them in their need, or laboring only to as little purpose as he can consistently with their commands, he takes hold with a sturdy energy

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and a vigorous will, and even shames the slower workers into something like what he considers a commendable activity. He turns his hand cheerfully and earnestly to whatever is required. He helps cut down the huge trees to be split into clapboards, and assists in erecting huts and wigwams. It is a busy scene, indeed, with the whole settlement just at this particular time. Could a painter have been there to picture it faithfully on canvas, it would have come down to our time with a greater command on our admiration than all the frescos and pictures of Madonnas that crowd the walls and ceilings of Italy. Men hewing logs, and splitting them into boards; some laying out garden-plots, to be planted as soon as the ground can be broken to receive the seed; some trapping birds and wild fowl along the shores; some making nets with which to take the fish from the river; some working upon the huts and the wigwams, eager to erect the roof to which they may give the endeared name of home; and all thus active and industrious in the shadows of an impenetrable forest, strangers to the wild shore on which they have just landed, heedless of the many dangers

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that lurk in the solitudes around them, and absorbed only in the plans that for the time have taken possession of their hearts, — the scene certainly is one most strikingly picturesque in its character, and would delight many an eye could it be properly expressed by the pencil of the painter.

Pretty soon the plan was proposed that a part of the colony should go on a tour of observation still further up the river, to discover with what kind of people they were surrounded, and, if possible, to make terms of permanent friendship with the various Indian tribes in the region. Captain Newport was detailed for this expedition, with twenty men under him; and Smith was among the number. Nothing further was said at that time about the trial of the latter on the charges they had brought against him, and he offered no opposition to their plan of sending him away with the company of explorers.

They sailed up the river until they came to the village where Powhatan, the great Indian chief, then dwelt. The spot was but a short distance below where Richmond now is, and near the falls in the river. At the time the English

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first saw Powhatan, he was about sixty years old. In person he was very tall and well-proportioned, "with a stern countenance, a head somewhat gray, his beard quite thin and insignificant, his limbs straight, his person erect, of an able and hardy frame, and equal to any labor." The adventurers were much impressed with his appearance. He had two thousand warriors, that he could at any moment bring into the field, and his dominion extended for sixty miles in every direction around him. He had a guard of fifty of the tallest savages about him continually, who protected his person by day and by night from the approach of any harm from his enemies.

When the little party of white men drew near, he received them with the most stately civility imaginable. He evidently set a great value on external ceremonies. Some of his warriors were disposed to murmur, as the colonists begged for what land they wanted; but Powhatan at once silenced them, exclaiming, in reply, "They only want a little *land!* They will do *us* no harm!" Events afterwards showed that he was fully as suspicious of the whites as his warriors ever were; but he knew better how to disguise his

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feelings, and showed to great advantage what the world is pleased to call a most shrewd *policy*, and what some men consider a far-seeing *statesmanship*. The only method by which he would ever wish to uproot them from the soil was the one best known to the savage, and most strikingly characteristic of his nature. It was by *treachery*.

So he feasted and amused them all as long as they saw fit to remain. He set before them the daintiest products of the woods, the fields, and the rivers; and they made him presents in return of beads, and bells, of needles, and looking-glasses, and other trinkets of equal value. The Indians were highly delighted with these trifling gifts, betraying their joy in the wildest and most irrational manner. When they expressed their wish to go still further up the river, Powhatan offered them a guide to show them the way, requiring them, however, to leave one of their number with him as a pledge of their safe return with the guide.

All the way along the course of the river Smith was an acute and studious observer. Nothing of even the most trifling importance

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seemed to escape his eye. He had acquired so valuable a habit during his experiences against the Turks, and especially while a prisoner among the Turks and Tartars. In due time they landed their guide again, on their return, at the hamlet of Powhatan, took on board their own companion, and sailed forthwith to Jamestown. If the reader will recur to the map of Virginia now, and see how all these points already described are situated, his interest in the narrative, at the present stage of it, cannot but be greatly increased.

At Jamestown trouble had unexpectedly arisen. The President was not a man qualified to lead or govern a mixed company of settlers, and the fact began speedily to make itself known. He tried to stop their building any more on the fort that had been begun, and said there was no need of any such fortifications. So that what really was built of it was done against his commands, and in spite of his authority. The settlers managed to enclose a space in the shape of a half-moon, using nothing but boughs of trees and such like loose materials; and this was the only protection they had against their enemies.

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It was hardly better than nothing; but Wingfield thought it vastly more than sufficient. He pretended that there was nothing to be feared from the Indians, and styled their rude and hastily-constructed fort a piece of downright folly.

So it might have been, had there been none but inoffensive neighbors around them. But it was not long before even his obstinacy was compelled to yield to the sternness of unhappy facts. The Indians, true to their innate duplicity, stealthily came upon the little settlement in a body numbering at least four or five hundred, determined to surprise and cut them off by a single blow; and, had it not been for the fortunate interference of the vessels anchored in the river, that brought their guns to bear on the enemy without any delay, the whole colony would, no doubt, have been swept away in the space of a very few hours. The chain-shot from the guns went crashing through the trees, over the heads of the savages, and, in their sudden terror at the strange sound, they fled back into the forests with a speed that only those who have seen Indians run, can well imagine. At the moment of this attack from the Indians, the

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settlers happened to be scattered in various directions, and their destruction would have been as easy as it must have been unexpected. The need of a stout fort was, therefore, thoroughly established by this unlooked-for incident, and they fell to work with increased vigor on its rapid construction. Besides, there was another reason for being expeditious in the matter: many of the Council were themselves personally injured by the attack, and that brought the subject home to their own fears. It was an argument which they did not seem to know how to resist.

So a sufficient fortification was speedily erected, and guns were properly mounted within its enclosure. But not a moment too soon. The Indians had, by this time, recovered in a good degree from their former terror, and came back in roving and irregular bands to renew their old animosities. Nothing in the world but their dread of this mysterious fort, and the unknown thunder it contained, kept them at a safe distance, and enabled the colonists to push forward the domestic affairs of the settlement.

Captain Newport was, by this time, ready to return to England with his freights of lumber

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and sassafras; and now the Council resolved to send back Smith with him, to take his trial there on the old charge of treason. If he was to be tried at all, the Council were certainly themselves competent to perform that unpleasant duty; but they preferred to get their intended victim off out of their way, where the evidence against him would be but vague and shadowy, and his condemnation would not be so apt to affect the minds of the men with sympathy. Smith knew his rights, and he felt that the time had at last come for him to assert them. He refused, at any hazard, to be carried back to England, and boldly and defiantly demanded his trial on the spot, and without delay. During his long confinement, and while he had been at work with the rest on shore, he had worn away the greater part of their prejudices against him, so that the settlers were not backward in seconding his demand for an immediate trial there. The Council dared not disobey, and the ceremony was forthwith gone through with. For Smith it was a downright triumph. He was not only himself acquitted of treason, but he succeeded in fastening the charges of malice and false imprisonment upon

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the President; and the latter was compelled to pay the sufferer a fine of two hundred pounds, or a thousand dollars. Smith gave the money into the common treasury, and was at once allowed to take his seat in the Council. Mr. Hunt, the minister, preached a pointed sermon on the following Sabbath, in which he alluded to the unhappiness of strifes and jealousies, and all partook of the Holy Communion together. Peace was immediately declared with the Indians, too; and, under such happy auspices, Captain Newport sailed for England, promising in twenty weeks to be back again.

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CHAPTER V.

LIFE IN THE COLONY.

WHEN Captain Newport sailed for England, it was about the middle of June. The summer was a great deal warmer than in the colonists' native land, and they were able to endure the heat only with much difficulty, which afterwards took the shape of downright suffering. Their excessive labors in a new and strange climate had debilitated them to an incredible degree. Added to this, the provisions, which for as many as six months had lain in the hot and stifled holds of the vessels, now began to show signs of worthlessness, — some of the grain becoming too mouldy or sour to be worth using, and the rest of it swarming with destroying worms and insects. They had nothing else laid aside for their need, and the harvest-time was yet a great way off. The vessels, too, were

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gone, with their variety of small stores, such as liquors and ship's biscuits; and they could not now row from the shore to their decks, as formerly, to obtain such trifling comforts as they had been in the habit of using. Perhaps they missed the presence of the ships more than anything else. Having landed so late in the spring, too, they had planted their crops much out of season; and it was doubtful if they had a right to expect more than half a harvest, after all.

Reduced to such straits in the matter of supplies, President Wingfield doled out to them day after day exactly so much wheat, and so much barley; but their indignation was very naturally aroused when they made the discovery that all this time he did not once think of shortening his own rations. He helped himself bountifully to the best there was left, while he was thus slowly starving the rest on miserably short allowances. Such wretched fare, and especially so little as there was of it, very soon began to do its work upon the health of the settlers. They were still obliged to labor hard about the settlement, and watch, with their former vigilance, day and night, against the treacherous Indians; and this labor

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and watching, united with poor and insufficient food, very soon made havoc with their once rugged constitutions. They grew so weak as to be unable almost to stand. Out of one hundred men that still remained in the little colony, fifty shortly died, and their heaped mounds formed the first English grave-yard in America. Of the Council, Gosnold died, and all the rest were sick except Wingfield. His better fare probably saved him from their pitiful extremity. About fifty now remained living, and very soon all the rest of the food that could be eaten was dispatched by them; and, from late in June until September, all the resources they had to rely upon were such kinds of fish as could be seined or caught along the shore and in the river.

President Wingfield, right in the midst of this suffering, fearing lest he might himself come to destitution in the end, like the coward he really was, secretly plotted the design of taking the pinnace, that had been left behind for the uses of the colony, and fleeing to England. Others were of course engaged with him in so nefarious a plan; but they rather obeyed him as their leader. He was responsible chiefly for the design. As

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soon as his purpose became known, so indignant were the colonists that they removed him without any further ceremony from his office of President, and elected Radcliffe to his place. Radcliffe, as it happened, was not a man of very great activity, judgment, or administrative power. He was easy and indolent, and too apt to let things take their own undirected course; so he naturally stood aside for the superior influence and energy of Smith; and, in the end, the latter became the acting President of the colony. Without any question, he should have had the office conferred upon him in the first place. He alone of all the company seemed to possess those rare qualities that are so necessary to make true leaders, and to conduct bold adventures like the present to a successful issue.

Sick and debilitated as he was, Smith nevertheless went to work in downright earnest, and showed them exactly what sort of stuff his rugged character was made of. He appealed to the men in every manner to induce them to wake up from the fatal lethargy in which long illness was sinking all their energies, and to incite them to such active labor as the interests of the settle-

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ment at that time so sorely required. Their tents, and huts, and wigwams, and houses, were in the most dilapidated condition, fast running to ruin like their own constitutions. They themselves had begun to yield to despair, and felt loth to perform any further labor even to save themselves from absolute starvation. Not every one could have brought up such an unhappy body of men again from their sad situation. But Smith was one of the few natural leaders who possessed this fortunate power. He begged them, and besought them; he promised, and he held out fine inducements; and, to crown all, he set them the example himself of what he desired, by stripping off his coat and laboring, enfeebled though he was, harder than he asked of any of them. At last they fell to with some degree of spirit, and then a happy change began slowly to come over the affairs of the settlement again. The dwellings put on renewed looks; the people wore more cheerful faces; the continued peacefulness of the Indians lent assurance to their hearts; and the prospects of the little colony brightened beyond what any one a little while before would have dared to hope.

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Gosnold was dead, — Newport had gone with the ships to England, — Kendall, who was concerned in the design of Wingfield to desert the colony, was expelled from the Council, together with its former President, — and now only Radcliffe, Smith, and Martin, were left to carry on the government. Radcliffe and Martin were sick, and Smith was the sole and supreme manager of all the affairs of the settlement.

The Indians from time to time brought in corn to barter with the English for their trinkets and baubles, and for a while the latter were providentially saved from utter want. But Smith determined that they should not suffer again from scarce supplies, if his activity could provide against it; and, accordingly, he proceeded to measure out what was already on hand, in order to ascertain just how long it would be likely to last. It was found there was enough for about eighteen days. Satisfied of their future need, he prepared to set out without delay in quest of more among the Indians. He took with him seven men, and an assortment of trinkets for barter, and sailed down the river in the pinnace to its mouth. On the spot where Hampton now

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stands, at the outlet of James River, then stood an Indian village, called Kecoughtan. Without further ceremony, on reaching this village he made ready to land. The Indians, it appears, very well knew what he had come for, for they had been informed — through their spies, no doubt — of the recent sad condition of the colony; so they ranged themselves along the shore, and contemptuously offered the party refuse scraps of bread in exchange for their guns and swords. Smith tried in every manner to induce them to trade, but they insultingly refused. He remembered the straits to which the colony were reduced, and knew very well that at some rate or another he must obtain the grain he had come in quest of. The settlers must not be permitted to suffer, so long as there was an abundance of food to be had in the vicinity. So, seeing that the savages still persisted in their refusal to trade, or in fact to come to any understanding at all, Smith resolved to impress them with an unexpected sense of his power, hoping by the means to bring them to some sort of terms. Accordingly, the men fired off the contents of their muskets over the heads of the natives, frighten-

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ing them almost out of their wits with the sound of the discharge, and compelling them to take to the woods as fast as they could scamper. The party immediately landed then, and marched up to the village very speedily.

But the Indians, seeing that they were all more frightened than hurt, soon returned to offer their invaders battle. There were about seventy of them in all, and their appearance was frightful to the last degree. With them they carried their god, as they always did in battle, believing that this senseless idol had a mysterious power for their preservation and success. The name of this god was Okee. It was made of the skins of animals, painted and ornamented after the most grotesque devices. As they rushed on to the assault with their hatchets and clubs, they counted on an easy victory; but Smith opened on them with the fire of his guns again, intending all the while to frighten rather than injure them, with the idea thus to bring them to their soberer senses. In the mêlée the idol was captured, and then the Indians were in a state of terrible anxiety. Instantly they laid aside their show of violence, and were disposed to

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forget all their former animosities. They were willing to submit now to almost any terms, provided they could but recover their stuffed and painted idol, Okee. Smith saw that he had them at his own advantage, and resolved to make the most of it. He communicated to them, by sundry signs, that they could have their god back again, on condition that they would deliver to him a certain quantity of grain. They were glad enough to accept his proposal, and it was not a long while before the party found that they not only had a boat-load of corn, but as much venison and wild turkey as they could carry away besides. But Smith was a lover of justice at heart, and scorned to take any undue advantage of their necessities. It was his wish, likewise, to secure this strange people in bonds of permanent friendship with the colony, and he therefore made them presents of such articles as he had brought with him for the purpose of barter, for which they testified their gratitude by wildly dancing and singing on the beach.

This was by no means the only expedition on which Smith went after supplies of food for the colonists. Many and many a one followed close

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upon it, during the course of which he fell in with new villages and other tribes. There was a river named the Chickahominy, and on its banks dwelt a number of savage bands, with all of whom he formed an acquaintance, and succeeded in effecting some sort of trade. They received him always with respect, regarding him as some vastly superior being. They listened to the reports of his fire-arms with savage superstition, and wondered what the man must be who could make such instruments of fear obey his single will.

As soon as the people at the settlement began to recover their strength, and to find how amply they were provided for against any immediate danger of starvation, they indulged in conduct toward their deliverer that was base to the last degree. The expelled Wingfield and Kendall set a conspiracy against Smith on foot, and secured the coöperation of many of the sailors — so called — in a plan to steal the pinnace, and make the best of their way to England. Hardly had Smith returned from the last of his expeditions, when the plot drew immediately to a head. It was betrayed by a mere accident,

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however, and by his energetic action was at once defeated.

It appears that one of the conspirators had just before attempted an assault on the President, in consequence of having been publicly rebuked by him; and, as a punishment for this assault, which would have resulted in murder but for the President's superior activity, he was tried, and condemned to be hung. When he stood under the gallows his heart began to fail him. He expected that the rest of the conspirators would certainly come to his rescue; but, as they offered him no assistance in this awful hour of need, he cleared his conscience of any further guilt in the proceeding by exposing the whole affair in the presence of the spectators. The others of the guilty party listened in dismay to his confession, and instantly betook themselves to the boat; but the energy of Smith was equal to the emergency. In an instant he turned upon them the guns of the fort, summoning them to remain where they were, and threatening, if they dared to weigh anchor, to blow them and the boat to destruction together. The threat produced the effect intended. They at once sur-

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rendered themselves, and were tried for treason to the Council and colony. Wingfield was not convicted, probably because of the respect connected with the office of President which he once held; but Kendall was condemned to be shot, and soon after met the fate which both of them had, as ringleaders, so richly deserved.

A second adventure in quest of supplies was, before long, undertaken by Smith, up the course of the Chickahominy River; and a second time he returned with grain, only to be repaid for his harassing labor by the discovery of continued insubordination and rebellion. This time, however, the conspirators were careful to have a show of *law* on their side. All their forms of proceeding were strictly *legal*, whether dishonorable or not. Archer — a new member of the Council — and the President, Radcliffe, brought the matter forward in open council; and proposed to quit the settlement, and go back to Europe in the pinnace before winter should overtake them. In truth, the greater part of the colonists were at this time disposed to homesickness, and dreaded to look forward to the suffering and short supplies of an inclement win-

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ter. Possibly the project in this shape might have met with general favor, but for a happy circumstance that just then offered. As it was the proper season in Virginia for such an event, as if by magic, all the creeks and coves along the river became suddenly filled with wild duck and geese, of which the settlers could obtain as many as they desired for the mere trouble of taking them. Deer and other creatures came likewise to the banks from the interior of the forests, sleek and fat, all ready to be cut into steaks at the shortest possible notice. Adding these to the supplies which Smith had previously managed to collect from the various Indian tribes about them, it was at once easy to understand that there need be no fear from famine, nor from suffering of any other character. By degrees, as their stomachs filled, their hearts grew strong; and the talk about leaving the settlement, and getting back to England, in a very little time died wholly away.

Arrangements were therefore soon pushed forward for the coming winter-life on the banks of the James River. Smith was as active as those who were the most so in securing all the com-

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forts for which there was the least prospect of a demand. He saw to it that the granaries were properly built and securely protected against vermin and damps. He directed about the houses and the fort. He gave hints concerning the clothing of the men, and their furnishing themselves with other garments, before the need should be imminent, and the time but short in which to perform their work. In short, his eye took in all the possible wants of the whole colony. No father could have made better provision for his own family, than Smith would have done for the men who hardly seemed able to take care of themselves.

True to their uneasy natures again, like spoiled children they soon began to murmur, demanding that he should make another excursion up the Chickahominy, and this time sail to the headwaters of the river. They entertained an absurd fancy that this river would bring them out somewhere in the South Seas, which at that period had a highly fascinating hold on the minds of Europeans, and of Englishmen especially. Smith answered them that it was no time to go exploring for an outlet to the South Seas, it being

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vastly more important that they should lay in larger stores of provision against the coming of winter. But they continued to murmur without reason. He became heartily sick, at last, of their conduct, and, half in disgust, resolved to attempt the voyage, if only to pacify them. And, taking his boat, he set out on the fool's errand on which they had despatched him, feeling almost sure that evil, rather than any possible good, would come of so blind and purposeless an adventure.

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CHAPTER VI.

CAPTIVITY.

IT was now close upon the season of winter. That winter, too, happened to be one of unusual severity, even in Virginia. It was no less severe in Europe, either.

Captain Smith turned his prow boldly up the Chickahominy, resolute in his plan of accomplishing *something*, he knew not what, by which he might be able to silence the distrust and perpetual fault-finding of his companions at the settlement. For at least fifty good miles he kept perseveringly on his way, pushing through narrow passages choked with fallen trees, and stumps, and brushwood, and steering with great care clear of the shoals and opposing bars of sand. Having gone this distance, however, he found that further course in his boat was impeded very effectually. The shoals would not let

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him float it up any nearer the river's head waters, so he went ashore, and obtained assistance from the Indians that he found in plenty all about him. They lent him a light canoe, and furnished a couple of their tribe to row it wherever he desired. And, taking along with him two men from his own boat, he left the others in charge, cautioning them not to go on shore during his absence, nor to hold communication with any one from the bank until his return.

Twenty miles further up the Indian canoe floated them, shooting swiftly and silently along the dark stream. His watchful eye noted all the landmarks on the shores, and his observation was as acute as it had ever been in any of his wanderings before. The dim twilight of the forest threw him into moods of the pleasantest contemplation. The plash of the waterfowl along the shores startled him from his reveries again. Here and there dimpling whirlpools and swimming eddies were formed by the opposing branches and tree-trunks in the current, shaping his feelings and giving an agreeable motion to his thoughts. Finally, when they had gone as far as they could well go, and after having fought

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their way through all such tough opposition as sunken logs and interlacing tree-branches offered, he took one of the two Indians on shore with him, leaving the two white men with the other Indian behind in the canoe. He enjoined his companions to be continually on the look-out, and, if any danger threatened, to fire a single musket immediately. He proposed himself merely to go ashore for a little while with his Indian guide, and learn what the nature of the country was, and, if possible, find the head waters of the rapidly narrowing stream.

Hardly twenty minutes had he been in the forest with his guide, when the latter suddenly set up a shrill and unearthly cry, called the war-whoop, bringing the bold explorer to his wits in amazing quick time. Fearing, from this strange conduct of the Indian, that some great danger was at hand, he instantly seized him and held him fast, and, without another moment's hesitation, took off his own garter and bound the treacherous rascal's arm tightly to his own. At the same instant an arrow struck him on the thigh, but without force enough to do him any injury. He saw now that he was waylaid, and that his guide

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had been only his betrayer. He determined that, if he was fired at by the savages, his copper-colored companion should, at least, take an equal chance of harm along with him; and so he kept holding the fellow before him all the while, thrusting him between his own breast and the enemy like a shield.

It was not long before the whole Indian ambush discovered itself; and he saw already two bows bent to discharge their arrows at him. He seized the pistols from his belt, and gave the enemy a quick volley, that rather interfered with their purposes. The Indians — of whom there now appeared a large number — pretty soon began to press forward upon him, compelling him to use all the dexterity he could command to keep them at bay. They were afraid of his pistols, and that was a great deal in his favor. Besides, he took constant care to keep the Indian guide between himself and them. They would be very loth to get possession of the adventurer's scalp at the price of the life of one of their own number.

In this state of affairs an Indian chief, named Opechancanough, came up, with a large party of

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two or three hundred warriors. Smith knew then that his last chance of escape had vanished, yet he showed not a whit less courage and self-possession than before. They began to shoot their arrows carefully at him, and he fired at them in return with his pistols. They would not come near enough to him to be within the reach of his pistol-shots, and he adroitly managed to interpose his own Indian between himself and their arrows. Seeing that he stood the test of bravery so well, they held a parley. If he would at once surrender, they promised that he should receive no harm. They told him that the two white men in the canoe were killed, and that he could escape their fate only by submitting peacefully to his capture. Smith was not a little staggered to hear of the death of his two companions, but he utterly refused to listen to any proposal to give himself up. As they talked, first on this side, and then on that, he likewise kept slowly retreating, and drawing his Indian shield after him, step by step. The savages pressed on perseveringly, though they were as careful as ever to keep out of the reach of his weapons. And, as he went on in this backward

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style, facing only his enemies, and careless of the path behind him, suddenly the soft ground yielded beneath his feet, and down, down he sank in the depths of a wet and cold morass, that must have formed one of the looked-for sources of the Chickahominy River. Of course he dragged in the treacherous Indian guide after him; and there they were together, floundering in the water and bog-mud quite up to their arm-pits.

It was folly to think of holding out any longer. A surrender was all that could have been expected. So he threw his weapons from him upon the ground, in token of submission, and immediately after they drew him out of his uncomfortable bed, covered all over with mud and water, and shivering with the cold. Had it not been for the rest of the party that he left in the boats, all this might never have happened. In both the canoe and the boat his cautions to them had been utterly unheeded. Those in the boat went on shore almost as soon as he had fairly landed and got out of sight; they were insane with the idea of themselves striking upon some sudden passage to the South Sea, or of

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finding somewhere in the forest a mountain of glittering gold. Of course they were surprised by Opechancanough and his party, for his wary spies had had their eyes upon them from the beginning. All of them but one managed to reach the boat again in safety, and make off in haste from the shore; but this one was doomed to pay the penalty for the presumption of the remainder with his life. He begged them not to kill him, and promised, if they would not, to tell them of the whereabouts of the rest. Having extorted this intelligence from him, they cruelly put him to death by tearing one limb after another from him, and then burning him in the fire. They then hurried on after Smith and his two white companions in the canoe. These two men had gone on shore, likewise, and built a fire to warm themselves; and, while they sat before its cheering blaze, dozing and nodding from the effects of their long exposure, the savages fell upon them with their arrows, and made very short work with their lives indeed. Of course the other Indian, who had been left in the canoe, apprized his companions of the route Smith had

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taken, and very soon after they came upon him and his waylayers, just as has been described.

When Smith was fairly clear of the swamp into which he had fallen, and after they had shown signs of treating him with some consideration, he presented his pocket-compass to the chief, explaining, as he best could, its shifting mysteries. The appearance of the long, slender needle, dancing so delicately to and fro beneath the glass, excited the savage's deepest astonishment and wonder. Smith took some pains to interest him with this toy as long as he could, and then made him a present of it, telling him what wonderful things it would do for him while coursing in the trackless forests, or paddling his canoe between the banks of the running rivers. But, as soon as the wonder of the chieftain was exhausted, he suffered his warriors to lay hold on their prisoner and bind him to a tree. Smith knew what was coming, and he remembered that, in his parleying fight, he had himself slain three of their own number. Only death stared him at that moment in the face.

The savages each put an arrow on his bowstring, and then all stood back in a circle as if to

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shoot him, taking deliberate aim at various parts of his body. But Smith betrayed nothing like fear. If his time to die had really come, then he had nothing more to say. Resistance was not to be thought of; and, as for begging for his life, it was the last thing in the world that he would do. But that was just what they wished to make him do. They had no intention of shooting him; their object being simply to see how long his courage would hold out. And, having once ascertained all they sought to know on that point, at the nod of their chief they dropped their weapons at their side, and, speedily loosening his bands, conducted him to the fire which they had kindled for his comfort. At the fire he saw the dead body of one of the two men whom he left in the canoe, pierced with countless arrows. They took the best of care of him after this, driving off the chills, and supplying him with as much food as he desired to eat. They knew he was a person of mark among the white settlers, and that was the reason why he was spared from the fate that had befallen his more unfortunate followers. Yet he did not know, after all, what his fate was to be; perhaps an

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immediate and sudden death would be far better than the doom for which he was reserved.

Opechancanough, his captor, was the king of Pamunkee; and at that period acted rather in a subordinate capacity to the great chieftain Powhatan. He was a person of noble and commanding stature, as really became a king, and inspired the highest respect among his followers. Possibly he was keeping the captive to grace some public triumph in his own honor. It might not have been an absurd idea, even among those tribes of roving and untutored savages. Smith noticed that, although the best food they could supply was set before him, they nevertheless refused from first to last to eat along with him. This excited the suspicion that these Indian tribes were cannibals, and that they were only fattening him in order, at some future day, to fall to and eat him with a greater relish. And, in consequence of the feelings such a suspicion excited in his heart, he was more and more wretched every succeeding day of his captivity.

Without longer delay, the savages took up their march with him through their several villages. As they walked onward through the

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depths of the gloomy forest, a sturdy Indian holding on by each wrist, and the chief following not far behind, it was a scene well calculated to arouse even the dullest imagination. Whenever they came in sight of one of their villages, they set up such hideous cries and yells as brought out all the women and children to meet them in a body. Traversing the region after this most unheard-of style, they at length reached the village called Orapakes. Here Smith was secured in a wigwam, and every avenue to escape carefully guarded against. All the while they persisted in giving him just as much as he could eat, and even a great deal more; and all the while, too, his troublesome misgivings about being served up himself for food some day, increased in his mind continually.

Orapakes was a village where Powhatan used to dwell at some particular portions of the year. It was, therefore, expected to find the great chieftain there at that time; but it happened that he was absent, and a longer delay followed there than was at first anticipated. And, during that delay, the Indians proposed to send spies to the settlement at Jamestown, to learn their present

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strength and condition. Smith heard of their plans, and determined to convert these mere spies into valuable messengers. No objection was made to his doing so, for little, indeed, did the savages understand the secrets that a scrap of paper might be made to convey. Accordingly, he tore a blank leaf from an old book that, by good fortune, he had about him, and sat down and communicated to the people at the fort the tidings of his disaster. He likewise bade them impress the bearers of his letter as deeply as possible with the idea of their own strength, for they had been allowed to go to Jamestown rather as spies than messengers; and it was important that the report which they should bring back to their chief be as strongly in favor of the power of the settlement as it could be made.

The messengers departed as soon as the letter had been prepared, and in three days returned again. As Smith expected, they brought back to the chief such an account of the vast strength and enormous guns of the fort as dissuaded him from the thought of assaulting its inmates, and for a time secured their perfect safety. It would be laughable to recount the stories that were

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told of the settlement and its various resources; of the huge cannon, which the colonists took particular pains to discharge in their hearing and presence; of the thick and stout walls, that could neither be scaled nor battered down; and of the many warlike implements and preparations on which they relied for their defence against their enemies.

As it happened, one of the Indians whom Smith had wounded with his pistol-shots, now began to show signs of having come to the end of his savage days. The Indians certainly thought that, if the prisoner could, by his wonderful power, bring a man to such an extremity, he could, by the same power, restore him to vigor again. So they carried the wounded man to him, and bade him make him as sound as before. But he was already too far gone for that. Smith saw his condition, and told them he could do nothing for him; and, after a brief interval, the Indian died. Then the rage of the victim's father rose within his breast, and he sought, steadily day and night to avenge the death of his son. The others were obliged to watch very closely to prevent the angry parent from exe-

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cuting his design upon their prisoner. He even sought Smith in his prison-house, so determined was he to wreak upon him the strength of his savage vengeance. And, finally, to keep their prisoner secure from his enemy's passion, they were forced to quit the village, and resume their line of march.

It would be both tedious and unimportant to recount the names of the many Indian villages and tribes through which they now passed. Without doubt Opechancanough felt much pride in thus conducting from tribe to tribe the great chief of the white settlers as his prisoner; and he extended the route in consequence over as much territory as he thought would minister to that very natural feeling. They went among at least as many as ten or a dozen different people, every one of which regarded the appearance of the prisoner with much amazement, and did honor to his captor as a warrior above all other warriors for his skill and bravery. In their journey, besides the smaller streams and creeks which they came to, they passed along both the Rappahannock and Potomac Rivers, and finally brought back their prisoner to Panumkee again, where Opechanca-

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nough himself dwelt. Here they went through a singular ceremony which was called an incantation; a performance by means of which they could conjure up secret spirits within him, and thus find out what his real intentions toward them were. They bedaubed themselves with paint, attired themselves in the hideous skins of wild beasts, and, to the noise of rattling gourds, and yells and whoops, danced and capered about him all day long. This scene was continued for three days. Afterwards, they gave him food to eat in abundance, though carefully abstaining from eating with him themselves. And pretty soon he was taken to the lodge of a brother of Powhatan, who bore the not very pleasant name of Opitchapam. There they continued to stuff him with all the food he could be made to swallow, while his own fears of being eaten himself in turn returned with increasing force and perplexity.

During this time they tried their utmost to bribe him to betray his companions at Jamestown. They offered him the richest gifts, if he would only tell them how they could get into the fort without hurt from the guns. But Smith

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resolved to die before he would turn traitor. He would never tell them a syllable of what they wanted so much to know. How different — one cannot help reflecting while he reads — from the conduct of his selfish and heartless comrades toward *him!*

They got possession of his gunpowder, that he kept about him in a little bag; and, asking him to show them how to put it to some sort of service, he explained by telling them it must be sown, like onion-seed, in the ground, — which they straightway proceeded to do, looking patiently and hopefully for their crop some time in the coming spring. They asked him to discharge one of his pistols for them, that they might learn how to use it themselves; and, taking it into his hand, he dexterously broke the cock, telling them that it was an accident, and that the pistol was, thereafter, good for nothing. They refused to let him try to explain the use of the other, lest he should break that, too, and then laugh them to scorn for their ignorance. He was a puzzle and a wonder to them on all sides. They could not conquer his spirit by appealing to his fears; they were not rich enough in gifts to bribe him

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into treachery; they felt assured, in their untutored minds, that he possessed a far superior wisdom to their own; and the respect which they consequently entertained for him was the very shield and buckler that in his extremity afforded him the surest protection. In a few days more they determined to carry him to the other kingly residence of Powhatan, and deliver him up to their mighty chief.

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CHAPTER VII.

POCAHONTAS.

THERE is nothing more truly touching and dramatic in all history than this same story of Pocahontas. It has moved the heart of every one who ever heard it told. Every new generation reads the tender tale over again, narrated perhaps by a new writer, and in a new way; yet the story itself is always the same, and never fails to touch the feelings of the listener profoundly.

Captain Smith was in continual dread of his life while Opechancanough kept him a prisoner, believing that he was only being fattened and reserved for the celebration of some of their future orgies. The thought kept him in a state of such suspense that he could scarcely shut his eyes to sleep at night. To deck the triumph of a savage prince was no part of his choice, if his

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choice could even be said to lie that way. His present captivity was bad enough, but there might be things, he imagined, even worse than that.

The journey was at length undertaken to the seat of Powhatan, which was called Werowocomoco. On every side he was surrounded by terrible looking savages, and his path lay through the heart of a dense and gloomy forest. Everything contributed to add to his fears. The countenances of the Indians were grim and inhuman. Their communications with one another were by means of dark looks, mysterious frowns, and a gibberish, that to our unhappy prisoner were almost unintelligible. In one way and another he was kept in this state of alarm, until he finally reached, with his escort, the place where the royal chieftain, Powhatan, dwelt.

But even then he was for a considerable time denied an interview. It was the Indian policy to impress him as deeply as possible with a sense of the greatness and majesty of their noble king. They accordingly did not hurry to bring about a meeting, but put it off on one pretext and another, all the while taking pains to make such

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shows and ceremonies as would be most likely to give their intended victim an impressive idea of their power and number. Smith they knew to be the chief of his people. Whether the narrow-minded ones at the settlement so considered him, was nothing to the purpose; it was enough that he had made himself the master-spirit of all their designs, and alone led the bold way forward to the established success of the colony. And they determined that a prisoner of such a fame should be presented at the savage court with all the state and ceremony with which they could manage to surround him.

Already two hundred warriors were assembled about his person, watching every movement he made with unaffected wonder; and savages came flocking in from other tribes in the vicinity, eager to lay their eyes upon a captive whose name had gone abroad throughout their midst. They gazed on him as if he had been a monster. They crowded around him so thickly, that he could see only hideously dressed and bedaubed savages, let him look in whatever direction he might. Their presence cast a deeper gloom over his already depressed spirits, and perplexed him

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still more and more respecting their intentions and his own probable fate.

When, at length, all the preparations were made, Smith was led from the retreat where till this time he had been kept, and brought before the august personage for whom all this pomp had been undertaken. Powhatan was seated on his throne, with his dusky retinue around him. The place fixed upon for the interview was in the very depths of the forest, with only the grand old trees encircling them, and the deep blue sky overhead. Hundreds of savages stood crowded near their chieftain, lending a picturesque beauty, fearful even as it was, to the strange and impressive scene. Immediately about the royal chief sat, or reclined, Indian maidens, wonderful for their free and natural grace, throwing a wild charm over the place by their presence, and looking on as deeply-interested spectators of the imposing interview. The several groups, that helped carry out the solemnity of the occasion, were attired and ornamented as only Indians know how to attire and ornament themselves, — some with feathers, some with beads, clad with skins and curiously

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bedecked blankets, and all painted a bright and brilliant red. Civilized courts, imposing as their array is meant to be made, could scarcely offer a more wildly-beautiful exhibition. Great as must have continued to be our adventurer's fears, too, he could not well help forgetting them all for the time, and being absorbed in the grotesque pageant around him. The new sights that he saw appealed strongly to his imagination, and filled it with pictures he had never before dreamed of beholding. And about these fantastic human groups thickly stood the noble forest-trees, some of them monarchs and princes, like this Indian king, stretching out their wizard arms protectingly above their heads, or uttering in a sad and monotonous tone the wailing music of the faintly blowing wind.

Powhatan himself was the observed of all observers. Smith said of his appearance on that occasion, "He wore such a grave and majestical countenance, as drove me into admiration to see such state in a naked salvage" (savage). He had upon him chains of enormous pearls, and a robe of raccoon-skins enveloped his noble and commanding figure, the bushy tails of the skins

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hanging in an ornamental row around the hem of his robe. His bearing was manly and noble. The very expression of his face was that of an emperor. Serene and majestic as any king in christendom, he sat there in state before the eyes of the multitude, the object of their highest respect and wonder. With them his decree was law and commandment together. His glance quickened or reproved; his frown expressed unuttered anger; his benignant glance filled every savage heart with a courage that was equal to the wildest deeds of human daring or strength. Smith describes the impression made upon him by the savage in such emphatic language as this: "Powhatan was sitting uppon a throne with such a majestie as I cannot expresse, nor yet have often seene, either in pagan or Christian."

Thus much for the scene itself to which the reader has been introduced. The moment the distinguished captive was brought into the presence of the great Indian chief, a shout went up from the throats of the savages, that rent the very heart of the forest-silence. A youthful Indian queen was ordered to furnish water for him

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to wash his hands. Another female brought a tuft of feathers with which to dry his hands again. And then they placed before him a large abundance of their choicest food, of which he was directed to partake. In the mean while, the Indian chiefs deliberated secretly among themselves respecting the fate that ought to await him. They collected in a group about the seat of Powhatan, and there carried on their savage consultation.

Much as might have been given Smith to eat, and however ravenous his appetite may have happened to be just at that particular time, it is quite easy to imagine that his thoughts were rather taken up with the deliberation of the savages than with any of the dainty dishes they may have set before him. And, although he may have eaten a little of their provision, yet it was not with a great deal of eagerness, nor with as much relish as might have characterized a less anxious occasion. So he eat and listened, and listened and eat, alternately. But he tried to put as good a face on it is as he could, and gazed around him with as much apparent indifference as if he really cared nothing at all for what was going on.

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At last the suspense was over. The deliberation was at an end. Smith could not exactly read in their stern and unbending countenances what his doom was to be; yet he was tormented with the most cruel apprehensions. Their decision was very soon made known, after the consultation broke up. It had been determined that the unfortunate captive should die! He was the leading spirit of the strange white settlers. He had slain three or four of the Indian multitude already with his murderous weapons. He was exploring and spying about the country, searching for secrets among the savage tribes, and probably concocting some terrible mischief with which ere long to visit them. If *he* was but out of the way, all further fear of harm from the colonists would be at an end. It was, therefore, best that he be brought at once to his doom, and the region thus be freed from the presence of an arch-enemy, and a power superior to their own.

Accordingly, he received his sentence in the presence of the multitude, all listening and looking on with savage intensity. The decree was, that he be carried forth to die without further delay.

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Within the circle described by the gathering of the dusky multitude, two huge stones were brought, and placed immediately before Powhatan. An eager and excited crowd then laid violent hold on him, and forthwith dragged him to the spot. Across one of the stones they laid his head. A few stalwart savages, with huge clubs, then took their stations silently near their victim, ready to obey the imperial nod that would have dashed out his brains before the whole assembly. Smith lay perfectly calm upon the ground, having given over every hope of his safety now, and feeling altogether resigned to his dreadful fate. It was certainly a moment of the most intense anguish even for his brave soul. He was only awaiting the fall of the fatal club on his head, yet was ignorant when the silent order might be given, and the deadening blow be struck. In that single moment he must have lived a hundred common lives, by the crowded intensity of his feelings.

Powhatan was just ready to make the fatal sign of death, when out from the silent group of females ran the figure of a little girl, but ten or twelve years old, and darted almost as rapidly

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POCAHONTAS SAVING THE LIFE OF SMITH.

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as thought in the direction of the condemned and prostrate prisoner. Quicker than the whole occurrence can be told, she sprang forward between those uplifted clubs of the executioners and the head of their intended victim, and threw herself upon his devoted neck, encircling it affectionately with her arms. There was a sudden outcry of wonder from the savage multitude at so novel and unexpected an event, and all eagerly strained their gaze to learn who the damsel was that had taken so strange an interest in the prisoner. They looked, and saw that it was Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of their mighty king! Then they turned their eyes upon his majestic countenance, unsettled in their opinion as to how he would brook such an unheard-of interference with his mandates. Though he was deeply moved by what he saw, his face betrayed nothing of the kind. He sat with as calm and rigid an exterior as ever.

It appeared that Pocahontas had been entreating her father to extend compassion to the victim, before this notable occurrence. She had plead with him, with tears running from her eyes, that he would spare the unfortunate cap-

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tive from a violent death. Much as the Indian king doted on his sweet child, his savage heart had not yet learned to relent from its once-formed purposes, The prisoner had been condemned to die; he had already been ordered forth for execution; Powhatan was the great and mighty emperor, whose very name was a lofty power, and whose slightest mandates must be obeyed; his chiefs and his warriors were all looking on with stern faces to see the pronounced doom finally executed; and how could the fearful sentence at such a time as that be revoked? How could the king stand up before his jealous warriors, in the face of a pardon under such pressing circumstances as these? Though he loved his child, therefore, as the very apple of his eye, he could not encounter with safety the opposition of his many chiefs, nor the loud demands of the pressing multitudes for immediate and summary punishment. And so the execution went on. And just at the moment of the crisis, the same compassionate daughter of the king rushed forth, as we have described, and threw her arms protectingly about the neck of

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the victim, interposing her own valuable life between his and any further harm.

As soon as the profound astonishment which it produced had in some degree subsided, the brows of the chieftains began to relax from their savage rigidity, and another feeling took silent and steady hold upon their hearts. It was a thing not to be lightly passed over, that the one who had thus openly befriended the prisoner was the daughter of the king. Her arms had been around his neck. Her sweet and tender compassion was not to be thought lightly of. Her earnest plea, before the eyes of the multitude, for mercy, was not to be slighted. Even her childish partiality deserved the sober and serious regard of the bravest and sternest warriors.

Pocahontas was the idol of her royal father. A boon that she had dared in this manner to crave, it was next to impossible to refuse. The perfect artlessness with which she begged it, the open and flowing bravery with which the act was accompanied, the childlike faith which she seemed to have in her own ability to protect the prisoner, all wrought with so much effect on the

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stony natures of both her parent and the chieftains, that the former soon yielded to the power of the new influence, and her prayer for mercy was once more heard. The decision was reconsidered,—the sentence was revoked. Smith was raised from his posture on the ground, and presented as a slave to the innocent maiden whose interposition had saved his life. From that day forward he was to belong to her; to go where she sent him; to obey her wishes in everything; to minister to her wildest fancies; and to perform such acts of servile labor as would mark him at once both as the dependant and the favorite. He was undoubtedly grateful for the privilege of being allowed his life on even such conditions.

Once thrown into the midst of the Indian encampment, and especially into the society of so powerful a chieftain as Powhatan, Smith would be extremely apt to make his influence felt all about him. His very presence among them being such a wonder, and his valorous deeds having already excited so large a share of their admiration, it would be natural to expect him silently and surely to make his own strong mark

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upon their modes of thought and action. And he did so very speedily.

Powhatan adopted the adventurer into his own family, calling him his son, and bestowing on him such favors as he usually vouchsafed only to his own kindred. In truth, the kingly parent began to think that a superior Power must have interfered to save his victim from death, and his kind treatment accordingly began to increase with his superstition. And, as the acquaintance between them deepened and widened, Powhatan gradually began to talk of liberty to his captive, and of sending him away at some not distant time to the settlement again. The Indian king was crafty to the last degree. What he chiefly desired was to get possession of the fort and its armament. In order to do this, he was ready to play any hypocritical part that might seem best calculated to advance his designs. He was willing for the time even to allow our hero his freedom, hoping that, by the means, he was easily to be allowed not only his re-capture, but the destruction likewise of the whole colony. So he plied him industriously with questions about the condition of the white settlers, and sought in

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every way to make himself familiar with their weak and strong points of defence. Fortunately, Smith was acute enough to penetrate to the heart of his plans, and met his inquiries with answers fully their equal both in adroitness and deceit.

Among the other articles of which he had heard, the Indian emperor wanted badly to own the big guns with which the fort was mounted. These our artful hero signified his perfect willingness to give him, and said that the warriors might return with him and carry them away. Powhatan wanted likewise a grindstone, having learned from the reports of others its value in sharpening such instruments as the savages used about their peculiar avocations. And, by way of barter for these much-coveted things, he freely promised the whites a tract of land that he did not happen himself to possess, and from which he evidently meant to expel them as soon as they should have established themselves thereon. Powhatan recounted to his captive fabulous tales of the wealth and greatness of the tribes that dwelt beyond him toward the west; and, in return, Smith more than matched his wild stories with other narratives of the grand cities

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he had himself visited in Europe, of the many and strange people he had seen in the other three quarters of the globe, and of the ships, and cannon, and arts, and glories of the civilization out of which he had wandered into this dreary forest. He took pains, also, to impress the chieftain's mind with the vastness of the ocean, and spoke of Captain Newport and his vessel, and of his being expected from beyond the seas very soon, with more supplies for the colony. Newport he called the prince of the seas.

Finally, Smith was promised his liberty in a few more days. During that interval it was Powhatan's wish that all his own people should have an opportunity of beholding so wonderful a being. The chieftain's admiration for his prisoner increased daily. He grew to such a limit in Powhatan's regard, that the latter at length seemed loth to part with him at all, and began to make serious proposals for him to come with his colonists and settle nearer him. And in order to offer more tempting inducements for such a change of location, he promised that the settlers should be supplied with venison and grain in

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abundance. Still eager to either entrap or coërce the whites into his plans, the wily Indian at length consented to send back his prisoner to the fort, under an escort of a dozen of his savage followers. So Smith took his departure, and the ignorant and deluded sons of the forest went away with him, expecting, without fail, to return with a load of heavy grindstones and cannon on their backs.

Though the distance he had to go was only twelve miles, yet they were two days on their journey; during which time they tortured his mind continually with thoughts of being slain and eaten; especially when they stopped the first night at an old and deserted hut, where Smith thought they must have taken him for no other purpose. But all his fears happily proved groundless in the end; for they carried him in safety to his friends again, who were indeed overjoyed to see him, and looked upon him as upon one actually raised from the dead.

Still again, as it happened, he reached his friends just in season to prevent another catastrophe. Rejoiced as they all were to see him back, there were yet enough of them who continued

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to dread his influence and authority, and who would much sooner hear of his death than be assured that he had come back among them. A Captain Archer had been put in his place in the Council, during his absence, who was the ring-leader in a plan to take the boat and desert the settlement with a few selfish and cowardly followers. Smith made his old and sure appeal to the loaded guns of the fort; and, just at the critical moment when they thought to carry their scheme into effect, his energetic firmness compelled them to abandon their undertaking, and make the best of their way to the shore. This was an act that, by repetition, might almost be said to have become a habit with Captain Smith; but it was certainly instrumental in preventing a complete break-up of the colony in its infant existence, and the consequent suffering and death of its members who might have been left behind.

The malcontents, not satisfied with being spared from the doom with which they were threatened, now sought to convict Smith of murdering the imprudent men who were slain, as has been narrated, by the Indians. They of course

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could have no proof of a deed so atrocious on his part, yet they had well-nigh succeeded in their design, when he made a sudden personal onslaught upon them, and overturned judge, jury, accusers, and all, in one common confusion. At this opportune moment Captain Newport arrived with his vessel from England, and his presence of itself for a time quelled any further symptoms of tumult or insubordination.

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CHAPTER VIII.

JAMESTOWN AND POWHATAN.

AN active and resolute spirit, like that of John Smith, would not fail to make its influence deeply felt wherever shifting circumstances might carry him. No sooner, therefore, had he got comfortably clear of his captivity, and become domesticated again at the settlement, than he took the control of affairs into his own hands as readily as if all things had been previously prepared for his coming. The colonists were impressed anew with his character, from seeing his energy in quelling this last act of rebellion. They likewise looked upon his own safe deliverance from such a long detention among the Indians, as something that pointed directly to the intervention of a kind Providence. And, lastly, the thought that he was a friend and confidant of the great warrior Pow-

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hatan, so lifted him in their respect, if not even up to their reverence, as to compel immediate acquiescence in whatever he chose either to desire or command.

The arrival of Captain Newport, with his men, bringing with them as they did an assortment of such commodities as would naturally invite a brisk exchange with the Indian tribes for their corn and other necessaries, infused temporarily new life into the affairs of the settlement, and gave a look even of commerce to the busy and bustling transactions of the colonists. Smith's old rules of trade with the Indians, however, were very soon set at naught. The caution he had so long exercised was soon overlooked as of little or no worth. Newport, in truth, was jealous of his influence with the savages, and foolishly fancied that he himself could make much better terms with them, and fix himself even more deeply in their affections, by letting them have his articles of traffic at lower rates, and in more liberal supplies. So that in a very little while, everything was in confusion so far as the old laws of trade were concerned, and Smith saw, with silent chagrin, that Newport's short-sight-

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edness and vanity were fast bringing the colony into contempt and disrepute.

In order to check the mischief before it was allowed to go any further, he proposed to Captain Newport that they should go together on an excursion up to Powhatan's own lodge, and there carry on a little trade and negotiation in his presence. At once the latter fell in with the proposal. Besides curing him of his overweening vanity, Smith also thought it a good opportunity to impress Powhatan with the greatness of the English people themselves. He had, during his captivity, told the Indians that Newport was soon expected from over the seas; and now, to give them a sight of him already arrived, and to describe to them the details of his voyage, and the greatness of the ship in which he came, would be doing a work upon the untutored minds of these forest-citizens, that would be likely never to be forgotten.

Filling the pinnace, therefore, with a great variety of articles that would be most certain to find a ready sale among the Indians, and, selecting about thirty men to accompany them on the expedition, the two leaders set forth for the

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chieftain's residence at Werowocomoco. But, even before they arrived there, Newport's courage began to show signs of giving out. He would have been glad to go back again, and abandon the project entirely. But Smith was resolute, and had no idea of acting out any such folly as that. Still, he was hard pressed to find words enough of encouragement to hold the braggart sea-captain steadily on his way. He succeeded, however, in his endeavor at last, and they continued on their journey.

When they came to land, Newport could not be prevailed on by any amount of persuasion to go on shore with the others, expressing his fears from the snares and ambushes that might have been prepared for them. The simple truth was, Newport was a coward. Captain Smith, however, answered the childish fears of his companion with nothing but silent contempt. Taking about twenty of the crew, he started at their head for Powhatan's lodge. On the way he was met by a band of the Indians, who turned about and accompanied the party onward to the lodge of the great chieftain. The following is Smith's own description of Powhatan's appearance, when

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he was admitted into the presence of the Indian chief:

"Sitting upon his bed of mats, his pillow of leather imbrodered (after their rude manner, with pearle and white beads), his attyre a fine robe of skinnes, as large as an Irish mantell; at his head and feet a handsome young woman; on each side his house sat twentie of his concubines, their heads and shoulders painted red, with a great chaine of white beades about each of their neckes. Before those sat his chiefest men, in like order in his arbour-like house, and more than forty platters of fine bread stood as a guard in two fyles on each side the doore. Foure or five hundred people made a guard behind them for our passage, and proclamation was made, none upon paine of death to presume to do us any wrong or discourtesie."

Powhatan majestically nodded a silent welcome to the party, and at once made room for Captain Smith by his side. Smith made him a present of a dog, a hat, and some red cloth, which Powhatan received with manifest pleasure, ordering water to be immediately brought for his friend's hands. He then proceeded to

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inquire after Newport, whom Smith had previously sent word he was going to bring with him. Newport, it was promised, should be there on the following day. Powhatan likewise made several inquiries concerning the big guns that Smith had promised him; which the latter answered with a good-humored laugh, asking the chieftain where the warriors were who were able to carry them on their shoulders from the fort to his lodge. It was a highly pleasant interview, altogether, and helped cement still closer the friendships that had been already begun between them. When the party started to go back to the pinnace again, they found that the tide was so low they could not hope to reach her that night, and so were compelled to return to Powhatan's lodge. He feasted them in the most bountiful style, setting before them meat enough for a much greater number of men than they were able to muster. It was the Indian custom, too, not to take back any of the food offered; but the recipient must either eat it, or carry it with him, or give it away. After their most abundant meal, they were shown to their place of rest by the light of pine torches.

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Early the next morning they all set out for the river, Powhatan himself and his retinue accompanying. The latter displayed to his white friends his little fleet of canoes that lay floating in the creeks and coves, giving them some idea of the wealth the surrounding tribes poured into his treasury, and expatiating largely on the power that he held over all the regions round about him. While occupied by the river's bank in this manner, Captain Newport was seen approaching them in his boat. Powhatan immediately withdrew, in order to make the necessary preparations to receive so distinguished a stranger with all becoming pomp and ceremony.

The style of Newport's reception was nowise different from that of Smith's before him. There were the same accompaniments of boisterous shouts on the part of the savages, and the same speeches proffering good-fellowship and kindness to the new comer. A feast was set, as before, and the strangers were urged to fall to and eat to their fill. Newport made a present of a white boy to the chieftain, in token of the friendship that he was anxious always to keep alive between them, and of the confidence with

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which he pretended to be inspired during the interview. Powhatan, in turn, presented the captain with an Indian lad, whose name was Namoutack. At nightfall the whole party of whites returned to their vessel, and on the morrow their interview with the Indian chief was resumed again.

Powhatan was uneasy to see that the settlers invariably brought their arms with them on their visits, and reproached Smith and Newport with want of confidence in him and his people. The two leaders tried by every method to explain away the causes of his fear, but with poor success. Nothing could finally divert his attention from them except the novel inducements to trade which they immediately bethought themselves to hold out to him. For several days this traffic between the two parties was briskly kept up. The intensity of the occupation was relieved at times by the singing, and dancing, and powwows of the red men, who, by these methods, relieved the tediousness of the time wonderfully.

But it turned out, before they had made much further progress, that Powhatan was inclined to nothing so much as downright *shrewdness;* most

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people would prefer to call it *deceit*. He pretended that he was above trade, leaving that to meaner persons than himself. So he said to Captain Newport, "You are a great chief, as well as myself. Do not let us chaffer about prices and values. Lay down all your articles, and I will take what I like. In return for them I will place before you what I think to be their value."

As it happened, Smith was the only man present who could act as an interpreter between the two parties. He therefore cautioned Newport that the object of Powhatan was merely to cheat him; but the conceit of the vain man made him blind. He wanted to let Smith understand that his warnings and cautions were of no value, not worth heeding at all. So he affected to be unusually generous with the Indian emperor, and proceeded to parade before him all the various articles that he had brought along. The latter helped himself without further ceremony, and afterwards laid down the corn which he pretended to consider their full value. Even Newport himself was so much surprised at the wily savage's extortion, that he declared he could have brought over the grain on more profitable terms from England

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itself. So low an estimate did Powhatan place upon the trader's articles, and so high a value upon the corn that was to be measured out of his own granary, that, instead of twenty hogsheads of maize, which was the quantity expected to be had, Newport found himself compelled to be satisfied with only *four bushels!* The latter was irritated beyond measure. Yet he had no remedy. He had purposely trusted to the *honor* of the savage, and he found to his chagrin that he was not possessed even of common *honesty*. Smith taunted him with his weakness, and high words ensued between them, of course.

But Smith did not mean to go away with nothing to tell of but the bad end of so poor a bargain. He resolved to make as speedy amends as possible for the ground that had been so foolishly lost. Gathering together such few trifles from his store as he knew would at once catch the childish eye of the Indian chief, he made haste to display them in the most tempting manner that he could devise. Powhatan was eager to possess himself of them. They were nothing, after all, but a few blue beads; but Smith was, nevertheless, backward about parting with them.

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He described to the chieftain how valuable they were, telling him that they were never worn except by the greatest princes and kings on the face of the earth. The Indian grew more eager to buy, the less willing Smith was to sell. So intent did he at length become on possessing the glittering baubles, that he was willing, and even glad, to get them at almost any cost, however extravagant. And, to make good the silly losses of Newport's traffic, Smith finally consented to let him have a pound of them, — only a single pound, — for about three hundred good bushels of his corn! The bargain was struck, hard as it was, and the spectres of starvation and suffering immediately vanished from before the eyes of the settlers. The Indian had met his match, and must himself have felt that Smith was a person of far superior powers to his more vain and less valiant companion.

But Powhatan, though he knew that Smith was quite as artful and wary as himself, openly betrayed no feeling like anger, or even chagrin. That was not the policy of his race. If he was overreached, he would, in his own turn, overreach again. In some way the account should

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be kept square between them, let the pains cost what they might. Accordingly, he was very careful to conceal his dissatisfaction, and openly affected all the time to be as much pleased with the bargain as Smith was himself.

Yet the suspicious savage dreaded the looks of the fire-arms which the white men always carried with them. He desired nothing so much as to get the voyagers only once on shore, and within his camp, with not one of their deadly weapons in their hands. To this end he both rallied and besought our hero and his companion continually, but, as it appeared, to little purpose. Smith knew that their arms were the only shield between his party and destruction. Whatever confidence he might profess to place in the friendly words of Powhatan, he nevertheless relied a vast deal more on the trusty firelocks that could, in a moment, set the savages to running. Powhatan would tell him how the sight of the guns and pistols frightened his women; and begged to have them left behind in the boat the next time he came on shore. Newport was for obeying the monarch's request. Not so Smith, however. He insisted on carrying the

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weapons with him as before, and did so in spite of Newport's ridiculous protest. When he came into Powhatan's presence again, the latter began, of course, to taunt him with his lack of confidence in himself. Smith was ready with his answer: "That is just the way they talked to me," said he, "when they betrayed me before, and killed my white brother." Powhatan was silenced, though he was not yet altogether at his ease.

After the party got through with their trading at Werowocomoco, they started on to pay a brief visit to Opechancanough, at his lodge. Hardly had they arrived there, however, when Powhatan grew uneasy in his thoughts, and immediately dispatched his daughter Pocahontas to call them back. Back, therefore, they went again to the old chieftain, and humored him by opening once more their collection of trinkets to his eyes. He made them an additional present of another Indian boy, whom they promised to send over to England with Captain Newport on his return, and who should bring back tidings to the great chief of the mighty people that lived beyond the seas. The lad did visit England; and it was

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said of him, that, standing in the streets of London, he attempted to cut a notch on a stick for every person he saw; but he soon gave up his notching system of numeration in despair, and related afterwards to Powhatan that the people were more in number than the leaves on the trees.

The colonists now took a foolish freak into their heads that there was a certain locality near them containing *gold*. This mineral had dazzled their untutored imaginations from the beginning. Every one was sure that he was finally to go back to England with a heap of *gold* in his possession. The thought turned their heads, and undermined their energy. Nothing short of their many reverses, and trials, and privations, would seem to have been able to keep this destroying delusion in check. But now it broke out anew. They fell to work with all zeal on a tough rock, out of which they exhumed a glittering substance that looked in the sunlight like the precious mineral they craved. Smith tried to ridicule their efforts, while he worked, for the sake of peace, as vigorously as the rest. They grew perfectly insane with their foolish projects.

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Smith says that there was "no talke, no hope, no worke, but dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, loade gold;" and that "one mad fellow desired to be buried in the sands, lest they should, by their art, make gold of his bones!"

But this infatuation, like all others of its class, had its day, and speedily came to its end. Another trial was now close upon the settlers, for which they had made no provision, and of which they had never probably taken any thought. That was by *fire;* the fearful, though beautiful element, that goes ragingly through the heart and life of our civilized comforts, and licks up all perishable things with a single lap of its hungry tongue.

The colonists were very careless about the use of the fires they were in the habit of kindling in the woods around them, never stopping to consider what unhappy consequences might follow. They played with them as boys would, who go out into the forests on Saturday afternoons, and roast filched apples and potatoes in the hot embers. The houses of the little hamlet of Jamestown were exceedingly frail and combustible, some of them being composed of

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dried brush and branches, held together in their turn by heavy logs and boards. Their roofs were light, and composed of reeds and bushes. As soon, then, as the flames once caught hold of an edge of the settlement, they surged along in their hot course without curb or check. The brush caught like tinder. The roofs burned up with a single quick flash. Down fell the frames in smouldering ruin, overarched with a canopy of dense and destructive fire. Every dwelling took fire and was consumed with amazing rapidity. The granary went, too, in which were stored the several hundred bushels of grain that Smith had succeeded in purchasing from Powhatan. This latter loss was the hardest to bear of all. It threw them upon the very verge of want again. The winter was excessively cold, and few hungered and famishing people could hope to withstand its severity. The minister, Mr. Hunt, had all his books burned, yet, Smith declared, he "never was heard to repine at his loss." The unexpected event was a heavy blow to the settlers, and the instrument of such a degree of want and suffering as finally carried nearly half of their number out of the world.

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Finally Captain Newport took his departure for Europe, having first received a present of twenty wild turkeys from Powhatan, and sent him back the same number of English swords. Smith protested against so hazardous a gift; but with no effect. He felt that it was really nothing less than suicidal for the unprotected colony. Radcliffe and Martin were now at the head of the confused state of affairs, and managed matters pretty much after their own fashion. They took what public stores were yet left from the ship's cargo, and cruelly speculated on them to their own selfish profit. The rest of the settlers made no opposition to their conduct, and so Smith judiciously kept his peace. But, with the return of spring, things took on some sort of change. The planting season began, and Smith fell to work in hearty earnest. This example was one that few of his comrades could long resist; and, from planting corn, he turned his attention to building houses, and soon succeeded in quietly engaging their efforts in the erection of such edifices as the settlement more immediately stood in need of. First, they built a new church; then a granary; and next a fort. At

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this opportune moment, too, another vessel arrived, named the Phenix. It had set out in company with Captain Newport's vessel, in the first place; but a storm having arisen and separated them, it was given up at length for lost. It seems, however, that it had been driven over to the West India Islands, where it found a safe shelter.

By this arrival the reduced colony was put in possession of provisions enough to last them for six months, and a numerical addition to its force of one hundred and twenty persons. Smith immediately formed the resolution to make explorations of an extensive character into the surrounding country. The captain of the Phenix likewise seconded his plan. And the men, to the number of seventy, were properly drilled and got in readiness for the service, but only to be disappointed at last through the fears and suspicions of those whose nominal rule was allowed at the settlement. The vessel was, ere long, got ready to return again to England; but there was much trouble in settling upon what should be the character of its cargo. Smith proposed to return a freight of cedar wood, which would, undoubt-

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edly, have proved a profitable shipment. But the others were for trying a venture of their old gold-dirt, and it was quite all Smith could do to dissuade them from this ridiculous purpose.

Of a sudden the Indians threw off their long-worn mask of friendship. The peace they had been keeping so carefully, they now broke without any ceremony. The swords of Captain Newport, which he had sent up to Powhatan in exchange for the turkeys, undoubtedly began the trouble. The Indian monarch sent as many more turkeys to Smith, expecting, of course, the same return that Newport had previously made. But here he was disappointed. Smith promised any other kind of payment but that of weapons of any sort. Powhatan resented such conduct; and a rupture was the inevitable consequence.

The trouble first began to show itself in the acts of thieving that annoyed the settlement so much. The Indians would come and loiter around the place, and, when an opportunity offered, slily make off with such tools as they could suddenly lay their hands on. They stole everything that happened to come in their way. And the products of these thievish forays were

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invariably carried away to Powhatan, their king. He applauded their conduct, and must have set it on foot in the first place. The authorities in England had warned the colonists never to offend the Indians by offering them the least violence; and so they grew more and more bold in their operations every day. They would even climb in through the embrasures of the fort, and abstract anything that came readiest to their hand.

Finally, Smith missed a couple of swords. He had himself borne with this inefficiency of the government as long as he could, and now he determined to take justice and its execution into his own hands. Sallying forth with a half-dozen men, he fell upon the red rascals with great vigor, and drove them off from the premises into the forest again. More than one of them was severely handled in the mêlée; and they held the prowess of Smith in profound respect for quite a little time afterwards. But the old habits were soon resumed. The thieving instinct was much too strong to be resisted. At length enough of them one day crept into the fort to make the action worth undertaking, and Smith had all the

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ports suddenly shut up, so that they could not pass out again. Some dozen and a half were thus captured, and kept in close confinement. After a while, deputations came in from the tribes, demanding the release of the prisoners. They were told that it would be granted just as soon as all the articles stolen from the fort were returned; and it was added, threateningly, that if those articles were not very soon brought back, the prisoners would be hung up from the trees.

Presently, the Indians returned to the fort, bringing with them a couple of white men whom they had captured in the forest, walking off straggligly by themselves. They boastingly declared now, on their part, that unless the Indians within the fort were set at liberty, the two white men should be killed. There was but one way by which to proceed, and Smith hit upon it. Making an unexpected sally forth with a handful of men, he succeeded by his boldness and vigor in driving off the impertinent rascals, and rescuing his two comrades from their unpleasant predicament. He brought them back safely into

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the fort, greatly to his satisfaction and their own joy.

By dint of threats and persuasion together, the captured savages were made to give up an important secret of which they were the possessors. It came out that there existed a regularly organized conspiracy against Captain Smith on the part of the Indians, and that no less an individual than the old warrior, Powhatan himself, was at the bottom of the whole plot! This was startling news, indeed. Smith had long had his suspicions excited, but now they were every one confirmed. The old Indian was full of deceit and hypocrisy His fair promises and professions were not worth a single straw. While he was extending the pipe of peace with his one hand, he would gladly have thrust the glittering knife into the heart with the other.

Whilst all this intelligence was making its way to the surface, Powhatan, rendered extremely uneasy at the present posture of affairs, thought it a good stroke of policy to send back the white boy that Newport had given him, with a present of wild turkeys to the colonists. Smith kept the turkeys and the boy too. Unwilling still to seem

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POCAHONTAS ASKING SMITH FOR THE PRISONERS.

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displeased at the act, and desirous chiefly of appearing conciliatory towards the settlers, he made another effort, and sent his daughter Pocahontas to beseech for him the release of the prisoners. Smith could refuse all other petitioners with the utmost readiness; but Pocahontas he could not find it in his heart to turn away. He was bound to her by too many ties of gratitude. Whatever *she* might ask, she should certainly obtain, though it cost her old friend the greatest struggle or sacrifice. Pocahontas also brought Captain Smith a present of deer's meat, and besought him most earnestly to release not only the captive Indians, but the detained white boy likewise. And her request was granted without either a protest or delay. Smith immediately gave up his prisoners, but he gave them only as a *present* to Powhatan's daughter. He did not admit that there was any *justice* in the demand, but was quite willing to let them go on the score of gratefulness and generosity.

There ensued some little trouble after this between Radcliffe, the inefficient President of the Council, and Captain Smith, the particulars of which are hardly worthy of repetition. It

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was no more than the old story of a conflict between weakness and worthlessness on the one hand, and energy and courage on the other. The whole of Smith's experience in the colony was but the same story told over and over again.

He had a natural dread of idleness, and a marked disposition to be continually employed. Few men could have found more pleasure in activity than he. In obedience to this trait in his character, he projected at this time an expedition of discovery up the Chesapeake Bay. There was a vast stretch of both land and water off in that direction, which he had a great desire to explore. So with fifteen men, including himself, he took his departure in an open boat, on the second day of June, 1608, and steered for the outlet of James River. Making Cape Charles, he descried some savages on the shore, who were soon made to understand that he was friendly to them, and who offered to conduct him and his party to their prince. His place of residence was at Accomac. He received them all very kindly, and showed them great attention while they remained.

From Accomac they pushed on up the bay,

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running into every little bay, inlet, and creek, that invited their prow. They were overtaken by thunder-storms and tempests. They lost their sails, and supplied the loss with their shirts. In some places the savages ran back into the forests, and climbed up into the trees to get a sight at the strangers. Now and then they fell into Indian ambuscades, out of which nothing helped them but their murderous musketry. They steered still northward, and came to the mouth of the Patuxent; and from this point they sailed further onward for some ninety miles, but saw nothing but grand and interminable forests, peopled thickly with wolves, and bears, and other wild beasts.

The supplies ran low, and the men began to grow sick and discontented. Much against his will, therefore, Captain Smith was compelled to return. He did go back as far as the Potomac, and then succeeded in persuading the rest to take a short trip up this beautiful stream. They accordingly sailed as far upward as their inclination led them, falling in with tribe after tribe of Indians, some of them hostile, and some friendly. Again they were apprized of the

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wicked intentions of Powhatan against the colony, and in due time they turned back for the settlement. On the way, they fell in with canoes full of savages, whence they obtained fresh supplies of both meat and fish. Here and there they stopped to go on shore and search for the precious minerals; but of course nothing came of such a delusion but the loss of their patience and labor. They easily caught fish from their boat, in some places; and, in the course of the sport, Smith received such a wound in his hand as suddenly threatened his life. His arm was terribly swollen, and he expected to die. He was even carried on shore to select a spot for his burial; and gave directions calmly to all respecting the future affairs of the settlement. But his valuable life was providentially preserved, and he returned to the colony soon after to progress with the conduct of public matters as energetically as before. The fish, from whose sting he barely escaped death, was called the *Stingray;* and to this day, the little island, northerly from the Rappahannock, where this untoward accident happened, is called after its name.

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CHAPTER IX.

SMITH AMONG THE SAVAGES.

THINGS were in a truly bad condition at Jamestown when the explorers returned, arising not less from protracted and wide-spread sickness than from the slip-shod style in which the government was carried on. Almost as soon as Smith got home again, they chose him President of the Council. It appears that, after all, they had far greater faith in his energy and ability, than they ever had in their own vanity and self-conceit. But Smith wanted no office; he desired nothing so much as to see them all make progress by themselves. There was nothing like a mean and selfish ambition in him. He declined their official gift, therefore, preferring to busy himself with making tours of discovery and exploration.

He remained at Jamestown only a couple of

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days after his return, when he again set out with about as many men as before. First he went to the river Patapsco; and this stream he explored, with its four distinct branches, to their several heads. He fell in with a tribe called the Massawomeks, who offered his party battle; but a little patience, and a few gifts, soon turned the hatred of the savages into open friendship. Then, after exchanging trinkets for supplies of bear's meat and venison, he came upon another tribe called the Tockwoghs, who dwelt on a little river of the same name. Here his experience was very similar with that among the people of the first tribe. Then he saw the Susquehannocks, who were very large in stature, and formidable to all their neighbors around; and who clad themselves in the most fantastic manner, with skins of bears and wolves. Smith caused public worship to be celebrated in the presence of these children of the forest; and some of them afterwards offered him reverence as a superior being. They besought him to stay among them and become their emperor. They told him of other tribes living far beyond the mountains, and showed him many commodities which they

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could have obtained only through the tribes that lived in Canada.

Down the bay he sailed again, giving to every new place discovered an English name, boring holes in the trees by which they might be recognized when he came that way again, piling up stones, and erecting crosses of wood. He fell in with a tribe called the Rappahannocks, who endeavored to seduce his party into an ambush; but Smith was much too astute for them; and presently a mêlée ensued, which cost the savages one of their number, and sent them all scampering into the woods with terror.

During this voyage they lost one of their own men by a lingering fever; and there, on the shore, overshadowed by the forests that were centuries old, they dug his lonely grave, firing a sad volley from their musketry over the body which they had laid away in its last rest.

People after people, and tribe after tribe, he came in contact with, bringing them all into professedly friendly relations, and beating their savage prejudices, by violence when it was necessary, out of them. On all hands he received ready promises of supplies of corn and meat,

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whenever the colony might happen to stand in need of them. And, finally, he turned his way homewards again. It would be rather tedious to give the various details of his visits to the several tribes, which, at best, were little more than one monotonous round of parleyings, threats, ambuscades, attacks, gifts, and promises of friendship. These recitals illustrate no new points in the manly character of Captain Smith, and could provoke little else than weariness in the mind of the reader. On the seventh day of September he reached the settlement of Jamestown once more, bringing with him a liberal supply of meat and fish, and several hundred bushels of Indian corn. During the course of these voyages he had acquainted himself thoroughly with the shores and bays of the Chesapeake, and, after his return, he sat down and drew a map of the same, which is to the present day in existence. In all, he had voyaged quite three thousand miles, and gone safely through an army of trials, that would put to its severest test the courage and endurance of men far more notable than he.

Once more now the colonists offered him the

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Presidency. Radcliffe, the nominal President, was in confinement on a charge of mutiny, and everything was in disorder and confusion. Only because he saw that it was his *duty* to accept the office, did he consent to do so now. Accordingly, he took hold and addressed himself to the work to be done in downright earnest. The fort was at once put in complete order. The dwellings were repaired, and made as comfortable as possible. An addition was made to the public granary, inasmuch as a vessel was soon expected to arrive from England with new supplies. He likewise drew up the men within the fort every Saturday, and practised them in the use of their weapons with great industry. Immediately all things took a new turn, and another life and energy was apparent in every quarter.

As expected, the vessel arrived very seasonably from Europe, bringing an addition of seventy members, of whom two were at once chosen to the council-board. In the ship came also two women, Mrs. Forest, and her maid, Anne Burras. These were the first English females ever within the limits of Virginia.

Newport, who was the commander of the ves-

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sel, came clothed with strange powers. It was plain enough that the officers of the Company in England did not begin to understand the very first essentials for the proper conduct of the colony. They invested the pompous captain with almost supreme powers. In his hands were placed various presents, which he was to bestow on the kingly Powhatan; and among them such articles as a basin and ewer, a bed, bedstead, and clothes, and a mantle of scarlet velvet; — odd gifts enough, any one will say, for an uncivilized inhabitant of the forests. He likewise brought over with him a glittering crown, which he was directed to place on the savage monarch's head, — as if such a piece of mummery as that could add in the least to his sense of royalty.

Smith laughed at all these things, thinking them worse than foolish, as they were. And from ridicule he turned seriously to protesting. But one availed quite as much as the other. Newport was determined to carry out his instructions; and in this resolution he was unanimously supported by the Council, save only Smith. And the misunderstanding between him and them finally grew so great, that Newport openly

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taunted him with opposing the new projects only on account of his *envy*, hinting that he would readily undertake the expedition himself, if he could but be placed at its head. This was more than the manly nature of Smith could bear. Instantly he assured Newport in the most earnest manner, that, to let him and the rest see how little he cared to be at the head of such an expedition, he would volunteer to go on a visit to Powhatan with only four men, and apprize the chieftain of the presents that were ready for him. They took him at his word; and immediately Captain Smith set out with his handful of men for the dwelling of Powhatan, to invite him to Jamestown to receive the gifts.

When the little party reached the residence of the chief they found that he was absent. But his daughter Pocahontas at once despatched messengers for him, taking it upon herself, in the mean while, to entertain the newly-arrived guests. As her father would not be back before the next day, she set about her amusements without further delay.

She led them to an open space in the forest, had a blazing fire made, and bade them seat

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themselves on mats that were placed around it. Then she gave a signal, and suddenly from the woods around broke forth such a shriek and shout as startled them every one in alarm to their feet. They suspected an ambuscade. It took some time, and many protestations, on the part of Pocahontas to reässure them, nor would they take their seats again till she consented to sit down in their midst. Then the show went on, and a wild affair it certainly must have been.

Thirty Indian damsels rushed out from the secret recesses of the forest, all painted and bedecked in the most grotesque style imaginable. Smith described them as obeying a leader; and this leader had a pair of buck's horns on her head, an otter's skin about her waist, a quiver filled with arrows at her back, and a bow in her hand. He could find no word in the language fit to apply to them, but the single word "fiends;" and he called their proceedings "hellish" in the extreme. After dancing, and yelling, and singing, to their hearts' desire, they ran back into the forest as suddenly as they had first emerged from it, and all was silent again.

Next they tried a different sort of treatment

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with the strangers. They began to caress and fondle them in the most affectionate manner. And when this second scene was acted through, torches were lighted, and by the blaze they were conducted away to their place of rest for the night. How much the poor, frightened fellows slept who came with Smith, it does not so readily appear. Probably, however, but a trifle at the best.

Early in the following day Powhatan returned from his absence. He appeared glad to see Smith and his friends, and listened calmly to learn the errand on which they had come. But when he was informed that he was expected at Jamestown himself to receive the presents sent over from England, he hesitated in his expressions of thanks, and at length declined the honor altogether. "No," said he; "if you have gifts for me from your great king, bring them to me where I am. I, also, am a king myself." There was nothing more to be said.

So Smith carried back the chieftain's proud answer to the Council, and they were forced to obey the command it secretly contained. The presents were sent forward by the river, and

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Newport and Smith, with an escort of fifty men, proceeded by land to the Indian lodge.

Of course there was an unusual parade made over such a silly proceeding, as any one who understood the character of Newport would suppose. Powhatan received the party with all the ceremony possible on the occasion, and accepted their gifts with but a moderate degree of delight. The scarlet cloak he was very loth to have thrown over his shoulders; and it was not until Namoutack, the Indian lad who had been sent over to England with Newport, had explained the use of the garment, that he would consent to receive it into his savage wardrobe.

But the ceremony of the coronation was about as ridiculous an affair as can well be imagined. The old chieftain — who, it will be remembered, was very much taller than any of his white visitors — felt no inclination to submit to any such performance, and for some time wondered in silence what could be the meaning of their conduct. When at last he was made to understand a little better the significance of the ceremony, he quietly acquiesced in its progress. They told him, therefore, that he must kneel when he received

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the crown, for that was the custom with their own kings; but he answered them as decidedly that he would not; and for a long time they were in a deep perplexity to know how they were to untie so intricate a knot. At length, however, after consultation among themselves, it was thought to be as well to invest him with the crown in a standing posture; and, in order the more easily to get at the top of his head, they laid their arms heavily upon his shoulders, and steadily bore him down with all their united weight. And this was the coronation scene. Could a greater, or rather a smaller farce be enacted?

Newport wished to have the affair go off as impressively as possible; so he arranged that as soon as the coronation was over, signal guns should be fired from the boats in the river. The sound of these frightened the suspicious Powhatan again, and it took a great deal of explanation to convince him that no harm was meant, but rather that the whole was performed in his honor. Finally, to testify his sense of gratitude to the white men, he made Newport a present of his old robe and moccasins, and afterwards

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added about eight bushels of corn to the significant gift. And this was all that came from the magnificent preparations that had been made in England for the Indian monarch's coronation, — a pair of old shoes, and an old cast-off robe, together with a few bushels of corn! Certainly, to employ a common figure of comparison, Newport and the Council had come out at the little end of the horn.

After this, Newport led off a certain number of the men on a foolish tramp among a tribe of Indians called the Monacans; but he encountered nothing but disappointment and sickness, and soon brought back his party to Jamestown nearly worn down with fatigue. Smith in the mean while went ahead perseveringly with such labors as were necessary to obtain a proper freight for the ship; and in a little while he had set the greater part of them busily to work manufacturing tar and pitch, felling trees, and turning out clapboards. No one of them all exerted himself so much as he; dreading neither fatigue nor exposure, shrinking from no sort of labor or fasting, and continually inspiring the others with fresh zeal by his own contagious example.

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He invented a novel method, too, by which to break the men who worked with him of the habit of using profane language; and that was this — each one counted his fellow-workman's oaths during the day; and, at night, for every oath that had been used, a pail of cold water was poured down the guilty person's sleeve. It was soon found to have an excellent effect.

When he had finished this work in the woods, he discovered that nothing had been done towards freighting the vessel by the rest, and he came near losing his patience at the thought of it. Newport and Radcliffe (who had managed to get released from his confinement) both hated him for his superior energy, and would gladly have effected his ruin if it had been in their power. There was nothing but wrangling, and dispute, and envy, and malice, at the settlement for a long time. Newport insisted that he must carry back gold-dust enough to England to pay for the value of the cargo he brought over, which would amount to nearly ten thousand dollars; and he threatened, if he could not do so, to withdraw immediately with his supplies, and leave the colony to its own destruction. But

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Smith kept at work preparing lumber, tar, pitch, potash, and glass, knowing well enough that there was no such thing as gold-dust to be got in the whole region; and, when the vessel did sail at last with the freight that Smith's industry had alone provided, it carried along with it a long letter from his own pen to the officers and managers of the Company, explaining to them the exact state of affairs in the colony, and vindicating them all from such aspersions as Newport was but too willing to heap upon them. This letter was a plain statement of facts, and just such an one as any distant Company would desire to receive from the persons with whom it had entrusted its venture abroad.

Counting in the last load of emigrants that Newport had brought over to Jamestown with him, there were now some two hundred persons in the colony. Scarce any provision had, as yet, been made for their subsistence, and a winter that promised to be unusually severe was fast coming on. There was but one course now left to be pursued; and that was, to go among the neighboring tribes for supplies of corn without delay.

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Accordingly, Captain Smith set out with a small party on the errand. Arriving among the Indians, he found that the very ones who had promised to furnish him but a little time before, now utterly refused to have any dealings with him whatever. He brought his guns to bear at once on such, and extorted from them a part only of what they had so fairly promised. He likewise threatened to burn down the wigwams of some, and so brought *them* to their senses. He and his party slept out at night in the snow, making their beds the best way they could about fires which they kindled at the roots of trees. From one point to another they passed along in this way, till they at last succeeded in filling their boat, when they returned home again.

But these slender supplies were still entirely inadequate to the large demand at the settlement. So Smith started forth on another trip, commanding two boats that were filled with men. He managed to effect a trade with only one tribe; and, with what corn he had procured, went back to Jamestown again. Then he ascertained that another party had sallied out, during his absence,

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in another direction; but their errand proved nothing but a failure.

This rather discouraged him. Winter was wearing on; the cold was intense; hunger, famine, and a lingering death, stared them all in the face. Better to die trying to do something, thought he, than in indolence or repining. And a third time he fitted out an expedition, resolved now to make a vigorous and final effort for the relief of the colony, for which he had staked everything.

He was satisfied, from the trouble he had experienced in trading with the Indians all around him, that they had been directed to withhold from him any further present supplies; and, when he came to turn the matter over more seriously in his mind, it became evident that Powhatan himself was at the bottom of mischief so unexpected. Smith was a man of decision, as well as of energy; and he resolved to go directly now to Powhatan, and openly charge him with his mean duplicity; and, for the next step following, to capture the wily old Indian's person, and make himself master of the provisions that were hoarded in his camp. It was a bold undertaking, and therefore

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did not receive the unanimous support of the Council. Only one of that body agreed with him in the propriety of the plan.

As it happened, while this question was in the midst of its discussion, Powhatan sent word to Captain Smith that he would be glad to have him come and see him at his camp. He likewise begged the captain to bring along with him a grindstone, some guns, and fifty swords; and promised that he would give him a ship-full of corn in exchange for them. And, furthermore, he asked to have sent him a few men, who could build for him such a house as the white people had in England, and which the Indian lad, Namoutack, had probably described to him, since his return with Captain Newport.

Smith made ready to obey the monarch's request, but only so far as he thought prudent for his own purpose. He did not carry the swords asked for, nor the guns; he knew better than that. But, taking the pinnace and two barges, and loading them with forty-six men, and provisions for only four days, he set sail with a heart full of courage and resolution.

It was not until after several stops, and many

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days had elapsed, that he reached the kingly residence of Powhatan. The party left Jamestown some time in the latter part of December, and arrived at Werowocomoco about the twelfth of January. They were obliged to break through the ice in the river before they could reach the shore; and, immediately after setting foot on the land, word was sent to Powhatan that they were in great need of something to eat. Powhatan immediately sent them back an ample supply of meal, wild turkeys, and venison. And the next day he received the invited party to his own lodge, and made them a bountiful feast.

But, as soon as they had finished eating, he turned and very abruptly asked to know when they were going away again. Smith answered him they had come there only at his own special invitation. Powhatan denied ever having asked them to come at all; and, in answer to Smith's questions, said that he had no corn to spare, and would, on no condition, let them have any, except at the price of a sword for each basket-full. He was simply bent on obtaining the same weapons that the English used themselves.

Seeing how the matter stood, and thinking

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there was no further time or temper to be lost in this foolish parleying, Captain Smith said to the chieftain, — "Powhatan, I had many ways by which to get corn for the colony, but I let them all go in order to let you see my confidence in your promises. I have brought you men to build you a house. I told you, some time ago, that we had no guns or swords to spare, and wish you to understand that those we *have* got, are abundantly able to keep us from want! Yet we will not steal; we will have provisions in the regular way of trade!"

Powhatan looked serious, and promised the captain that in two days he should have all the corn that he and his people could collect together. But he insisted on the party's leaving their weapons in the boats when they came on shore again, as the sight of them frightened his own men away. Smith, however, understood the savage nature too well to accede to such a request as this. And nothing, after all, came of the conference.

The men, whom he had given Powhatan to build him a house, and who happened to be Dutchmen, only proved themselves traitors to

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the colony. Smith had selected one of them to act as a spy on Powhatan, and report his observations from time to time; but he was the very one who soonest went over to the allurements of the savage, and in fact assisted him most effectually in maturing his project for the extermination of the white settlement. Of course Smith knew nothing of this at the time; but it all came out after many months, though not until the base treachery had well-nigh succeeded in doing its work.

From one day to another, the Indians traded a little; but that was simply to put at rest any suspicions that Smith might have had of their hostile intentions. Powhatan's attention was chiefly directed to the weapons that the party were careful to carry about them, and he vainly exerted himself to induce Captain Smith to have them left behind in the boats. He and the captain held long talks together on the subject; in which the shrewdness of the one party is seen to be very fairly matched by that of the other, and all the progress that is sought to be made on one side is evenly met with resistance and firmness on the other. Powhatan even grew

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eloquent in his language, rising to a pitch of passionateness that was, in fact, highly imposing. He held out the most peaceful professions. He protested his perfect innocence of all the mean suspicions that had been brought against him. He was exceedingly sorry that his white friends had so little confidence in him, that they refused to leave their guns behind when they came on shore. He begged that a better understanding might, for the future, exist between them, and hoped that the white men would be to his people only friends, and henceforth trade with them on terms of peace and equity.

Smith, however, did not yield a single point to the savage's art. His long experience among the red men furnished him with a far safer guide than Powhatan could. He put off the chieftain, therefore, with his most artful speeches, and his followers still continued to carry their weapons about them as before.

While this talk was being carried on, Powhatan was quietly multiplying the number of warriors about him. Smith saw the impending danger, and hastened to provide against it. Accordingly, he requested some of the Indians to go

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and help break the ice in the river, so that his men might bring the boat to the shore and take on board himself and what corn he had already bought. And, at the same time, he sent a message to the men in the boats, bidding them come on shore at once, and assist him in the capture of Powhatan, which he meditated. Then, to effect a little longer delay for the better success of his plan, he began to address Powhatan once more on the subject about which they had for some time been conversing.

The savage chieftain evidently saw what Smith was at, and accordingly determined to act with despatch. He and Smith were talking in a hut, with only a single friend of the latter present. At a silent signal from Powhatan, the hut was immediately surrounded with warriors. The old chieftain found an excuse to slip out through the door, and then the savages began to press in. There was no time left for thought; nothing but *action* could now avail to save our hero from the threatening danger. He flourished his sword and pistol over his head with an arm full of vigor, and infused such sudden terror in the dusky crowd that they all gave way, and made a free

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POCAHONTAS WARNING SMITH OF HIS DANGER.

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passage for him through the door. Putting himself at the head of his men, who had now reached the shore, he demanded an explanation from Powhatan of his conduct. It was given; but the hypocrisy of the savage was too transparent to deceive even the dimmest vision. He *said* that he went off because he was afraid of the white men who were coming on shore; but he did not seem inclined to think that the crowd of his own warriors, which he had assembled, was vastly more than enough to oppose, and even to destroy, all the white men of Captain Smith's party.

But our hero affected to overlook the matter, and set his men to loading the boats with what corn he had already managed to purchase. They worked busily till night; and then, as the tide went down and left their boats on the mud, they returned to the shore again, and prepared to pass the hours till morning. During the still night-watches, Smith felt a hand laid gently on his arm, and aroused himself to know what it meant. Pocahontas was standing at his side! She warned him of the danger that he and his party were in there, and told him of her father's intention yet

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to surprise them at a great feast that he was to give; and implored him, if he wished to save his life, to be gone from his present place of rest at the earliest possible moment.

This was the second time that she had voluntarily placed herself between him and his impending destruction. The hand of Providence was certainly to be seen in it. With the early morning, therefore, he took his departure, much against the wishes of Powhatan and his party, but still preserving the appearance of friendship to the last.

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CHAPTER X.

THE HAND OF THE MASTER.

AS soon now as he could,—it is to be supposed that it was on the very next day,—Smith and his party took their leave in the boats, and prepared to return again to Jamestown. He had not yet supplied himself with what corn he had come after, and so thought it would be as well to make brief calls upon the several tribes along the way.

Just as soon as he had turned his back upon the place of Powhatan's residence, the Dutchmen, whom he had sent the chief to assist in building him a house after the English style, began openly to show the depravity that was the characteristic of their natures. Two of them immediately volunteered to hurry off to Jamestown, and, by false representations, obtain the swords and guns that Captain Smith had declined

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bringing along with him. The proposal pleased Powhatan exceedingly. It was for just such a purpose as this that he desired to keep these treacherous men, and not with any wish to have them erect him a house, or perform any other service of that kind. And, when he had succeeded in getting the weapons he so much wanted from the fort, he intended to make them initiate him and his warriors into their familiar use.

The base fellows accordingly set out for the fort at the settlement, where they arrived safely and seasonably. Captain Wynne was in command. Of course Captain Smith had not got back yet, and that they well understood. So they laid before the commandant a long and highly plausible story about the success of Smith's expedition, telling him how they had left him with Powhatan, and that he had sent by them for certain weapons which he wished to barter with the Indians for corn and provisions. They likewise represented that Smith stood in want of clothes, and tools of various kinds. In addition to this, they found means to lay in with a few restless and dissatisfied seamen, who im-

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proved their opportunity to secrete what articles they could, embracing powder, shot, guns, and swords, and who thus fulfilled the desire of Powhatan even more promptly than he could himself have thought it possible. In all, eight guns, fifty swords, and three hundred hatchets, were stealthily carried away to the enemies of the infant settlement. They were all received very gladly by Powhatan, who could not control or conceal his joy. The two Englishmen that had been left with the Dutchmen in the Indian camp, for the purpose of erecting a house for Powhatan, were greatly frightened at what they saw, and at the earliest moment attempted an escape. But the savages were a little too watchful for them, and they were brought back, and for a long time kept in continual fear of death at their hands.

Passing along from one place to another, Smith found himself at the residence of his old acquaintance, Opechancanough. This chieftain, it will be recollected, was generally called the brother of Powhatan. He received the captain with much friendliness, and made feasts for his party that consumed several days. Then a time was ap-

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pointed for trading; and all the Indians, far and near, were summoned to attend upon the important transaction. On the morning agreed upon, Smith took a dozen or fifteen men with him, and went from the boats to the village. It was entirely deserted. There was nothing left, either within or without the settlement. This greatly surprised Captain Smith, who expected to find the place alive with preparations for business. But soon Opechancanough came in sight, accompanied by a few chosen warriors. He brought little or no provisions with him, and his men were well armed with bows and arrows. This looked like anything but a disposition for peaceful trade, and Smith at once opened on the chieftain in words that had no very honeyed accent.

"You have deceived us," said he, in effect, "and the love you have professed is nothing but baseness and falsehood. Last year you filled our boats; now you are willing to let us starve. You know that we are in want, and I know that you have a plenty. In some way or other, I must have a part of what you have got. You are a king, and I expect you to keep your word

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faithfully. Here are my articles of trade; let me see your grain in exchange for them."

The Indian was at once *whipped* into compliance with Smith's demand, and gave up what corn he could then command, at fair rates of compensation. Next day it was promised there should be larger supplies on hand. So the next day Smith was punctual to the hour appointed. He saw at first only a few baskets of corn, but no one who looked like the Indian king. Presently, however, the latter made his appearance. He was very stiff in his manner, and showed little feeling in his expressions of friendship and kindness. He kept telling, too, how much trouble it had given him to collect what grain he had. But, while he was speaking, the hut was surrounded by a large crowd of Indians, numbering five hundred and over!

All the rest of the party were frightened beyond description. But Smith remained surprisingly collected and calm. He delivered to his handful of followers an off-hand speech, that was a very model of bravery and courage, and told them to look to him and to their own valor for a safe deliverance. Opechancanough stood by, not

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a little terrified at the shape matters appeared to be taking. Smith turned shortly round upon him, and spoke thus:

"Opechancanough, I see your plan to murder me; but I fear it not. As yet, your men and mine have done no harm, but by our direction. Take, therefore, your weapons. You see mine. My body shall be as naked as yours. The island in your river shall be a fit place, if you be contented. There *let us two fight it out*, and the survivor shall be lord and master over all our men. Let your men bring, each of them, a basket of corn, against all of which I will stake the value in copper; *and the conqueror shall take the whole.*"

It is not to be concluded that a person, who would stealthily take advantage of another to murder him, would have the manly courage to accept so equal a challenge as that. The Indian chieftain did not. Yet he was quite unwilling that Smith should think him his enemy, and seemed hurt that he should entertain such a cruel suspicion. To try and set the matter at rest, therefore, he asked Captain Smith to go into a hut, close by, with him, saying that he had there a

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valuable present for him. Smith's eyes were open wide enough, and he refused to go. He saw the many savages that were lying in wait, with their drawn bows, for his destruction, and felt sure that he had already penetrated to the very heart of his danger. The Indian would not listen to his proposal that the others of his company should go for the present, insisting that no one but their leader would satisfy him.

The action of our hero was immediate and decisive. Seizing the rascally savage by the long scalp-lock that crowned his head, he pulled him forth like a timid sheep from the midst of his warriors, helpless and unresisting, and presented a pistol to his naked breast, prepared to put a hasty termination to his existence. So suddenly was the thing done, that the whole crowd of Indians were struck dumb with astonishment. To treat their chieftain in such a way, seemed nothing less than sacrilege; and he must be an uncommon, if not a superior being, who would *dare* make an attempt in respect of which they were themselves but the most pusillanimous cowards.

The result of this bold act was seen every-

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where in a moment. All came obediently to the commanding hand of our hero, and threw their weapons away without a further thought of fear or of defence. The chieftain himself gave in his adherence to the power of his conqueror, and that, too, without reservation or any splitting of words. And, with his hand still tightly grasping the hair of his giant enemy, Smith turned round and made a very pointed speech to the crowds of red-skins that looked on with such a strange confusion of emotions. Among the many other things which he took occasion to speak about, he remarked to them, "You promised to freight my ship ere I departed; and so you shall, or I will load her with your dead carcasses!" Such decided language as that needed no interpreter. It is very likely that his looks alone were quite sufficient to act as interpreters to his words.

While he stayed there with them, or was pursuing his journey among the other neighboring tribes in quest of supplies, there occurred an accident at the settlement that threw a deep cloud of gloom over everything connected with its welfare. Scrivener, during the protracted absence of Smith and his party, took it into his

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head to make a short trip in a boat to an island that was not far off, though the direct object of the sail does not seem to be mentioned. Waldo accompanied him on the excursion, and Gosnold, likewise, with eight others. It was very cold weather, and the wind was exceedingly high. By some blundering in the management of the boat, it was suddenly swamped beneath the waves, and every soul on board drowned! The Indians near by were the first to discover the disaster, and they succeeded in recovering the bodies from the water. The colonists were for some time loth to credit the tidings of this fearful catastrophe; but it could not long remain an idle tale. They despatched a trusty messenger to Powhatan's camp with the news, expecting it would there find Captain Smith. The bearer of the intelligence, however, was disappointed in learning that the latter had already gone, and he was compelled to stay over night in the camp before resuming his journey. Again Pocahontas interposed her angelic assistance, and saved the poor fellow from the murder that Powhatan had planned for him during his brief stay. He finally escaped, and, after wandering about for three

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wearisome days, found Captain Smith and his party, and communicated to him the sad news from the settlement. Then he told them of his interview with Powhatan, and of the extensive preparations the latter was making to carry on a war against the whites, and particularly against *him*,—their leader.

This last news was quite enough for a spirit so energetic as Smith's. He instantly formed the resolution to go against the savage emperor without further delay, and, if possible, to capture him in the midst of his infamous and hostile preparations. A quick sail brought him back once more to Werowocomoco, where Powhatan lived, and he hurried on shore to execute vengeance on the faithless chieftain, before the latter could be apprized of his intentions. What was his deep chagrin, however, to find not only that Powhatan had gone, but that he had taken good care to remove all his warriors and provisions with him! The huts were every one deserted of their inhabitants. The place was as silent as any part of the unsettled wilderness. The treacherous Dutchmen, whom Smith had sent Powhatan, were at the bottom of this

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sudden movement, having influenced the chieftain to desert his residence, and betake himself to a hiding-place further removed into the interior.

Smith was greatly vexed at this disappointment, and tried to make the best of it, as he did of everything. Securing what he had already managed to obtain, he turned his boats' prows down the river again homewards.

When he reached Jamestown, and began to look into the state of matters at the settlement, he was much troubled to find them in such a loose and unpromising condition. A great part of the needful implements of labor, together with guns, pikes, and swords, had been stolen during his absence; the provisions had not been properly cared for, and had, thereby, been suffered to rot, decay, and become infested with vermin; the men of the Council had been drowned while on that unfortunate and aimless excursion which they saw fit to make on their own responsibility; and a disposition to discord and anarchy seemed at last to be really making headway through all the discouraged ranks. Smith was still their President, and he immediately set to

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work to exercise judicious authority. He knew very well how idleness adds to the insupportable weight of complaint, and how a little cheerful industry has the power to dissipate all the ills that brood perpetually over unquiet hearts. And he put them to newly-devised tasks without delay, looking to the secret influence of labor for a more contented state of public feeling. Nor was he disappointed in his hope.

The thefts that were daily practised at length excited his suspicions to a very high pitch. He watched matters with exceeding closeness, determined to trace out the real cause of this serious loss, and satisfy himself in just what quarter it had its existence. The longer he scrutinized matters, the better he became satisfied in his own mind where the stolen articles went. It was plain that there were persons within the fort who secretly acted in connection with others outside the fort. The outsiders were none other than the two Dutchmen, who, instead of being at work on Powhatan's house, were laboring in every imaginable way to compass the destruction of the colony.

It happened that there was a little hut in the

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forest, which they called the "glass-house," about a mile away from Jamestown, where these several conspirators were accustomed to meet and concoct their diabolical plans. They finally arranged among themselves that Captain Smith should be cautiously enticed by some of them into an ambush, and then suddenly set upon and destroyed. The plan was well matured, and all its minute particulars carefully arranged. A band of forty or fifty Indians were to lie in wait, and, on the appointed signal, were to rush upon him, and despatch him without mercy.

The Dutchmen with Powhatan had sent forward a man, named Francis, disguised in the dress of an Indian, to make observations at the glass-house, and bring back faithful reports. Smith heard of his approach, and of his peculiar disguise, and immediately sent out two bodies of men, — one to the glass-house directly, and another, numbering twenty men in all, around to the rear of the place, where they might intercept his course, if the first party should happen to miss of him. Those who went to the glass-house failed of their errand; but the others

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were more successful. They apprehended the villain as he was hurrying back to Powhatan's lodge, and brought him on with them to the settlement.

With the first party Smith himself went. Not finding their desired prisoner, they returned at once to Jamestown. Smith slowly followed on, absorbed in thought, and probably perplexed to know how to free the little colony from its unhappy dilemma. While walking on thus alone a gigantic Indian placed himself directly in his path, challenging his further advance. The savage was the King of Paspahegh; and his strength and stature were well known and generally wondered at by all the tribes of warriors, as well as by the white settlers themselves. This king was, as it happened, entrusted with the plan of the ambush into which Captain Smith was expected to fall.

First, the savage tried to entice our hero away in the direction of his concealed warriors; but the latter was too prudent for him, and would not obey his invitation. Then the fellow thought that, as they were alone together, and he was himself much the larger and stronger of the two,

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it would be a very easy matter to vanquish the famous leader of the whites in single combat, and bear away the renown of so noted an exploit altogether by himself. Accordingly, he drew his bow, and was about to shoot Smith before he could rouse himself to the act of self-defence. The latter never was a man to be behindhand in any sort of business. He rushed up to his adversary before he could let his arrow fly from the string, and closed in with him in a conflict to which his own courage was willing to allow the thought of but one result, and that a speedy victory. Smith had no weapon but a broad falchion, and it was his enemy's main object to prevent his drawing it on him. The latter was possessed of wonderful muscularity and strength, and looked as if he had the power to crush so much smaller a man, as Captain Smith was, in his very palm. But Smith knew how to scuffle and wrestle as skilfully as the best at that business. In ordinary rough-and-tumble contests there were very few men of his time who could make boast of greater experience or prowess.

He finally managed to get the infamous savage

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near the edge of the river, where the water was rather shallow, and then both of them plumped straight in. For a long time it was a continued scene of wrestling, and hugging, and dancing, and splashing. No advantage seemed to be gained on either side. The Indian was strong, but nothing in the world could be stronger than the heart and the will of his persevering antagonist. By some means the latter managed finally to get a tight grip on the savage's throat; and in this way he held him, with his head down to the water, till he could draw his weapon and prepare to sever the latter from his body. Then the rascal began to beg; and, in such earnest and piteous accents did he implore his victor to spare his life, that his prayers for mercy were heeded at last, and he was carried away to the settlement as a witness against those who had still more basely conspired against our hero's life. There he was secured in chains, to await the uses to which the valiant President designed to put him, before his work with him was finished.

Francis, who had been captured and brought to the fort, was at once put on trial for his

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treason. Paspahegh came forward with most conclusive testimony against him. The case was as plain as any case could be; yet, notwithstanding his conviction by a jury, Smith was unwilling to administer to him anything like the cruel punishment that the times would have allowed. He mercifully spared his life, though he did not let him go without correction. In the generous and manly nature of Captain Smith there was little that savored of a spirit of revenge. He harbored no feeling related to cruelty. He might be called rough, but he bore no malice in his heart. He labored continually for the prosperity of others, and, only when he saw their highest good advanced, did he seem himself to confess to a feeling like happiness or satisfaction.

He was especially desirous to lay hands on the Dutchmen who were with Powhatan, and for that purpose still kept his Indian prisoner in close confinement at the fort, hoping by and by to effect an equal exchange for them. But Powhatan was not ready for such an arrangement; and, in the mean while, Paspahegh made his escape. Smith sent out parties to re-capture

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him; but they all returned without accomplishing anything. They did not know how to take advantage of favorable opportunities for action, and let their only chances of success slip by unimproved. Smith was the single man of them all, of whom the savages stood in any awe, or towards whom they thought it worth their while to show much of anything like respect. He was sufficient of himself to keep them in continual check, and able to inspire them with a regard from whose mysterious influence they could not escape. A variety of incidents, too, — such as restoring an Indian to life after being nearly suffocated with the fumes of charcoal, and curing another of the dreadful wounds caused by an explosion of gunpowder, — served very soon to establish him more deeply in the good opinion of the chieftains, and finally to change the whole feeling of old Powhatan himself toward him. The latter began to be affected very seriously by his superstitious sentiments, and came soon to look upon the leading man of the settlement in an almost reverential light, deeming him a being with whom it was by far the best

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policy to live on as peaceful and friendly terms as possible.

And so it not long after came to pass, that everything like warfare died out between the whites and the proud Indian emperor, and the whole land was subject to the reign of an influence that is much more powerful than that of passion and malice, because it is the blessed reign of peace.

Captain Smith lost no time in setting himself to work in bettering the condition of the colony; but began at once to build new houses, to erect another fort, to reconstruct the old church, to parcel out the settlers in parties best adapted to their own permanent thrift, and to frame anew the laws and regulations by which their internal affairs might move on from day to day still more happily and harmoniously. In everything his individual hand was to be seen. Nothing that he could do himself, did he ever leave for another to perform. To every emergency he proved himself fortunately equal. His remarkable industry was matched by nothing but his invincible courage and fortitude. Early and late he followed up closely his own

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brave designs, suffering himself to be turned neither to the right hand nor the left by any of those perplexing trifles that would have made a common man sometimes indifferent to the end he had first proposed to attain.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE GRATITUDE OF THE WORLD.

THUS struggling in every way to keep up the courage and spirits of the colonists, denying himself the enjoyment of even those commonest comforts that were yet to be secured for his brethren, and carefully concealing from them the many doubts, and fears, and anxieties, that sometimes haunted his thoughts of the future, Captain Smith led them slowly along from point to point in their precarious career, never desponding, and never giving over to despair; but offering them daily the shining example of one to whom great obstacles were only incentives to greater exertion.

It is saying but little, indeed, to say that few men could anywhere have been found adequate to such a position as that which he voluntarily sought. Few others could so long have held

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together a colony of restless and ambitious men, themselves united by the bonds of no high and common motive, and animated them with such sentiments as he perpetually strove to awaken. His was a difficult task, to which there never could seem to be attached the least merely personal reward. What he did, was done from obedience to his own inward convictions of duty. If he had impulses, they set him forward on the road of activity and progress. The results at which he aimed were in nowise either single or selfish. There seemed to be some secret element in his character, pushing him onward to unflagging effort for others, which he had it not in his power to overlook or disobey.

And out of this obedience sprang that lofty and distinguished success of his, as the leader of the early settlement at Jamestown, which stamps him forever in the opinion of the world as one of its most shining characters. Though he made no wonderful discoveries of gold-fields, as had been at first anticipated, yet he opened to the view of mankind a field of *soul*, and *mind*, and native *energy*, whose extensive riches both surprised and charmed every one who either heard or read

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of his courageous exploits. The very savages, who at the first saw fit to hate and conspire against him, came finally to respect and revere his superior intelligence and power. From being enemies, he brought them over to be his allies. His continual self-possession they could not help admiring. To the freshness and energy of his individual will they made immediate and ready obeisance. They saw in him what even the members of his own party were too blind themselves to discern, and in truth led the way before them in offering appropriate honor and regard to so noble and flowing a nature. It is exaggerating nothing to say that he was the soul and centre of the entire colony; that his name fairly represented every high and noticeable quality there was among the purposeless settlers; that his energy, and his ingenuity, and his directing will, banded together all the discordant elements around him, and kept alive those sentiments that alone saved the enterprise from destruction; and, finally, that he was the embodiment of its entire existence, and that but for him it must have fallen into dilapidation by the very force of its own unfortunate construction. This is

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praise enough for Captain John Smith. It is praise enough for any man.

Right in the midst of his most self-sacrificing endeavors, however, the English government was persuaded to grant another charter for the colony, differing very essentially from the one under which it held its present existence. It was obtained through the one-sided representations of such men as Captain Newport, and was more particularly aimed at the degradation of the brave man who had successfully carried the colony along to its present position. Lord Delaware became, therefore, the Captain-General; and, among the inferior officers, occurs again the name of Captain Newport. The project was now suddenly patronized by men of rank and wealth; and as much parade was made over the appointment of officers as if the feeble little colony had already grown to be a strong and mighty nation. It was as astonishing as it was laughable, to witness the haste with which earls, and knights, and noblemen, all crowded into the enterprise, lifting it in popular opinion from the uncertain character that had hitherto attached to its name, to a

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height of favor that even came to be quite the fashion.

Under the auspices of this new charter, which was granted in May, 1609, nine ships, with five hundred people on board, set sail from England in the latter part of the same month, fully equipped for an enterprise of such a noticeable magnitude. Three commissioners were appointed for the management of the new project, and for the more easy settlement of all irritating and vexatious questions that might arise in the progress of their designs. These commissioners were Sir George Somers, Sir Thomas Gates, and Captain Newport. It was an exceedingly foolish and short-sighted piece of management; but the government placed in the hands of each of these three men a commission, by the terms of which he who happened to arrive first in Virginia should take command of the colony in advance of the other two. Many a difficulty could have been readily foreseen under such an arrangement as this; and it appears that the commissioners themselves were not by any means blind to the dangers in their path. In order, therefore, to remove all obsta-

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cles out of their way, they finally agreed to embark on board the same vessel, and set sail accordingly. The name of the vessel was the Sea Venture. She was separated from the rest of the fleet in a storm, and finally went to pieces on one of the Bermuda Islands, though the lives of the commissioners were providentially preserved. One other vessel went to the bottom during a severe storm that overtook them on the voyage; and the rest came into the James River with all their crews and cargo in safety.

As soon as they had landed they began to show out their real feelings towards the true leader of the colony. The three commissioners had not yet arrived, and for a long time after did not arrive; and so the rest gave loose rein to the lawlessness that was their predominant characteristic. Many of them were broken-down and profligate men, of no service at home, and eager to try any new mode of life for a time, so it brought them a change. Such restless and unprincipled spirits as these were certainly the worst possible stuff out of which to set to work and construct a colony of settlers. There was little or no manly virtue in them. They were

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led by no commanding motive in their newly-begun project, and of course could produce but little of that ripened fruit that grows out of comprehensive aims and sturdy principles. Nothing in the world could have been more unfortunate for the comfort of Captain Smith than this most motley and improper acquisition of numbers to the yet feeble settlement.

But he never repined. That he left for others to do, who had more leisure and less fortitude than he. Though he showed himself at all times glad to induct them into the secrets of good and prudent management, he saw that it was worse than useless to thwart their desires, and accordingly gave them over to their own selfish gratification. A few of the older ones soon saw of what value Smith was to the colony's existence, but their influence was not sufficient to control the voice or the action of the blind multitude. The latter were bent on going in their own way, and they would be sure in time to come to the brink of their own destruction.

Smith was yet the proper President. His power would not be superseded until the arrival of the three commissioners. Yet the lawless

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mob were unwilling to acknowledge his present authority, and prepared to set him at open defiance. Now they chose a governor out of their own number, and now, in their wanton freakishness, they deposed him. Now they stood up for the virtue of the old charter, and now they changed face in favor of the new. They obeyed no authority, not even that which they saw fit to impose upon themselves. In such a state of affairs Smith gave over all hope of doing anything more for the colony he had nurtured so long, and expressed himself from his heart ready to return to England again, and leave them to their own pitiful fate.

Then his nobler feelings roused themselves once more, and he could not help compassionating the unfortunate innocent ones who would be made to suffer through the uncurbed passions of the rest. Some of the wiser and cooler heads came forward, too, to encourage him at so trying a crisis, and he rose in all the strength of his old energy to put down the rioters by the power of his individual will. The struggle was a serious one; but it proved successful. He escaped from a multitude of alarming dangers, and threw the

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ringleaders of the revolt in prison. Immediately all the rest quietly acknowledged his authority, and acquiesced willingly in the healthy regulations which he imposed.

Smith possessed most excellent tact; and so he was awake to prevent the repetition of such trying spectacles. Accordingly, he proceeded to divide up the entire body of settlers into squads of a certain number each, and to scatter them about in the neighborhood of the settlement, where each man could labor to the best advantage for his own subsistence. He sent West, with one hundred and twenty men, to establish a new settlement at the falls of James River; and Martin he sent to a spot named Nansemond, with as many men more. They were well provided with both food and implements for labor, and ought to have secured at least a reasonable share of success for their undertaking.

As soon as these peaceful relations were finally established, Captain Smith resigned his authority as President in favor of Captain Martin. The latter accepted the new responsibility, but almost as soon gave it up again, preferring to be at the

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head of his quieter colony at Nansemond. But he was not any more competent as a ruler over the latter settlement, than he would have been over that at Jamestown. He betrayed his inefficiency at every turn. He dealt so unfairly with the Indians that they made a united assault on him, killed several of his men, and carried off a thousand bushels of corn. Smith sent a party to his relief; but he knew so little about prudent or judicious management, that, in his fear, he abandoned his settlement to its fate, and made the best of his way back alone to Jamestown.

The little colony at the Falls was likewise deserted by West much in the same cowardly style. Captain Smith went over to take a survey of it, and met its leader in the act of returning to Jamestown! The settlement had been improperly located, in the first place, on the lowlands, and was liable to continual overflows from the river. Smith, therefore, at once proposed to remedy the fault. But he was met by their opposition and anger at the very threshold of his design. They charged him with wanting to move them away from their present location, in order that he might himself obtain the gold that

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was buried in the soil beneath! They were jealous of his authority over them at all, and seriously disposed to dispute it at every step. Captain Smith bore with them as long and patiently as he could, and then made up his mind to use the old argument of main strength. He had but five of his own men with him, while they counted a hundred and twenty. But this consideration did not terrify him at all. He proceeded with his usual boldness, therefore, to attempt the arrest of the leaders of the mob, but without success; their comrades rallied to protect them. Seeing that nothing could be done in this manner, he betook himself to his boat again, and prepared to effect his object in another way. The vessel, containing a new supply of provisions for them, was on the way from Jamestown, and this he managed to surprise and take possession of; and, turning her prow back again in the direction she had come, he left the miserable settlement to the repentance that proceeds from want and sober reflection.

The vessel, however, happened to run aground some distance below the Falls; and, while thus detained, the infatuated members of the little

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colony began to practise their lawlessness upon the friendly tribes of neighboring Indians. The latter understood by this time that they and Captain Smith were not friends any longer, and now came forward with free offers of their services for Smith's assistance. By and by, as the frightened and scattered settlers began to flock about the vessel, begging to be taken on board, or to be protected on shore from the terrors of their foe, Captain Smith availed himself of the Indians' assistance to some practical purpose. Calling in their timely aid, he made a sally upon the malcontents, captured some half-dozen of the ringleaders, and assured the settlement of its future safety by throwing them into close confinement on board the vessel. Then he himself led off the remainder to the new location, which he had purchased for them, at the spot called Powhatan; but in a very short time it became a place of so much pleasantness and beauty, that he gave it the new and quaint name of NÓNSUCH.

When things began to go on smoothly, West returned to his little colony again. He had shown himself a mere coward, and destitute of any of the energy or manliness so much needed

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in his new position; but the instant he found that Captain Smith had made a smooth and pleasant path for him, back he came to resume the authority he had so basely forfeited. It is the way such men are apt to do. In danger they are white with fear; but where there is no cause of alarm they are the pettiest and meanest tyrants in the world. West plead long with Captain Smith to release the leaders of the mutiny, whom he held in custody; and at last not without success. Captain Smith cared nothing for revenge, and had no object in view in their imprisonment but the highest good of the settlement; and accordingly he consented to give the plotters of evil their liberty without any further protestations. Then he took his leave of the place altogether, and set out on his return to Jamestown. It is proper to add that, as soon as his personal influence ceased to be felt at Nonsuch, the foolish settlers once more abandoned the place in a body, and betook themselves to the locality from which he had just removed them.

Smith was by this time beginning to be sick of making any further efforts for the comfort of

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disaffected and ungrateful men; and it is not to be wondered at. He was all the while trying to accomplish something for others, and all the while opposed, and thwarted, and misrepresented, at every turn. None of them seemed capable of understanding a generous deed, or of appreciating a noble thought. They referred all actions to their own low standard of selfishness or fear. Beyond this they did not seem able to look. Above this it appeared to be impossible for them to aspire.

On his way down the river an accident occurred to Captain Smith, that for a time threatened to be serious in its consequences. He lay quietly asleep in his boat, enjoying the rest that, after his protracted trials, he so much needed. One of his men unfortunately set fire, in some careless way, to the bag in which he kept his powder, and an explosion immediately followed, that burned and wounded him most frightfully. Roused in this sudden manner from his sleep, his usual presence of mind seemed still to be about him. Quicker than it could be told, he jumped overboard into the water. The flames that surrounded him were of course instantly extin-

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guished; but, before his companions could recover him from the water, he was nearly drowned. He was still a great way from Jamestown, and in an open boat he must journey the rest of that long distance. His blistering wounds could not be dressed until he arrived there, and he was obliged more than ever before to fall back on those resources of fortitude and composure that had at all times been peculiarly characteristic of the man and his history.

No sooner had he reached Jamestown, wounded, and disfigured, and crippled as he was, than he found himself called upon to forget his bodily sufferings, and turn his distracted attention to the evils that were fast overshadowing them all. The rebellious spirits, whom he had long ago arrested for their treason, had resolved to anticipate the result of their rapidly-approaching trial, by stirring up greater prejudices than ever against their commander. Sick and dispirited as he was, he could not avoid seeing it all, or understanding the necessity that lay upon him to prepare at once to meet such an emergency. But the base plot they had concocted revealed itself

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before he had it in his power to avert its first approach.

It was secretly resolved, among these wicked and desperate men, to procure Captain Smith's assassination. They dared not openly propose to get him out of their way. They had not the courage to accuse him boldly of any fault or crime with which they really thought him chargeable. Their manliness did not carry them far enough to either decry or defy him to the face of the whole settlement. But it was their policy, as it was their nature, to conspire like cowardly thieves and robbers, and to destroy like bloody and desperate assassins. There is quite that difference between men to-day. Human nature has lost none of its wickeder traits by the passage of centuries.

A fellow was accordingly employed to commit the murder for which these conspirators had not themselves the courage. It was arranged that he should arm himself with a loaded pistol, and proceed to the bedside of the weak and almost dying captain. Then he was suddenly to discharge it at his head, and make the best of his escape out of doors. The conspirators promised

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to shield him afterwards with the power of their influence in the settlement.

But all human plans do not result according to the wishes of their projectors. Strange and highly unexpected interruptions occur to thwart their success at the very last step sometimes of their progress. The villain held the pistol to the head of Captain Smith, and nothing remained for him but to pull the trigger before the poor man should pass into another world. But that same little act was just what he could not bring himself to perform. Something mysterious prevented him. His heart failed him at the moment when his villany most needed that wicked heart's assistance. His malice softened. His passion died down in his breast. The weapon fell undischarged and powerless at his side; and the vanquished villain slunk away to repent of the murder that still fretted and festered his inhuman heart.

Learning what was about being done, and fearing for the final safety of the settlement and all it contained, a few of the wiser ones gathered immediately around the bedside of Captain Smith, promising devotion to him to the last.

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They were very anxious that he should give the word to them to go and behead the conspirators without further warning. They desired nothing but the favor of serving him in some such way as this, emphatic and final as it was. But he generously refused, and continued to persist in his refusal. He saw no good that could come of bloodshed; and, if any such unfortunate event was to occur, he would much prefer himself to become its uncomplaining victim.

Not one of his friends and followers but was deeply touched by these new proofs of Captain Smith's magnanimous devotion; not one who did not himself see the great and constant sacrifices that he had been making, from the day when they all left the shores of England together, and that he was still willing to make to the latest of his days. If the many failed to appreciate his nobleness of nature, the chosen few did not forget to love and admire him all the more. Placing themselves in imagination in his own unhappy circumstances, they could readily see the trials and tortures through which his lofty spirit was called to pass: misrepresented before the government at home, envied and

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hated by the colonists whose very lives he held in his hand; deprived of his legitimate authority by every new arrival of raw recruits, yet expected to become law, and order, and all things else, when danger and trouble might happen to overtake them in the riot of their follies; his very energy mistaken for a selfish and mercenary ambition, and his enthusiasm chilled by the plots and counterplots of a set of lawless conspirators; — what is the wonder that he grew tired at last of trying to do anything more for a crew of such thankless wretches, and that his heart pined for the home-land with whose free winds he had drawn his first breath?

He resigned his authority — what there was left of it — into the hands of Mr. Percy; and, in the quiet autumnal weather of 1609, sailed from the shores of Virginia forever. From that moment a blight seemed to fall upon everything. Misrule at once erected its crest triumphantly. The new settlements were both abandoned, after nearly half the men had been sacrificed. The colony had a multitude of Presidents all at the same time. The Indians saw that Captain Smith had gone, and cared little for those who remained.

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There were wars and tumults on every hand. The suffering soon grew past endurance; and, out of a colony of five hundred persons who were left at Jamestown when Captain Smith took his final departure, there remained at the end of six months not more than sixty alive, to testify to the incompetence of jealous rulers and evil men.

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CHAPTER XII.

LATER EXPERIENCES.

CAPTAIN SMITH was back again in England. After safely going through such a long catalogue of dangers and trials, after carrying himself triumphantly in so many contests, and through so much opposition, after spending his strength and his temper freely in the cause of weak, mercenary, and selfish men, he found himself once more on the soil of his birth, with a heart full of the strongest and most changeful emotions. Such an experience as his was not, even in that comparatively rude age of the world, vouchsafed to every man, however marked might be the qualities of his character.

For a long time after his return he was obliged to seek repose and quiet. The nature of his wounds demanded rest more than anything else. And that was what his overtasked mind would

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seem to need quite as much. He betook himself immediately to some out-of-the-way corner of the realm, and nothing seemed to have been heard from him for quite a number of years. It is known that his injuries were such as would require many years to repair them, for his friends even continued to despair of his life a long time after his return.

But, low as he was brought in point of physical strength, his mental vigor remained almost unaffected through the whole. He even began to plan a course of study and reading for himself during his confinement, so loth was he to lose any of the valuable months that were rapidly rolling away. He was determined to be industrious to the last. The neglect of his youthful opportunities for learning he now resolved to make some sort of amends for. It was not too late, he thought; it would never be too late. And so he set himself about his self-imposed tasks, writing as he studied, and persevering until he discovered that, from being a bold adventurer, he had at length become quite an industrious and prolific author. Among the productions of his pen were several scraps of

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verse, written on various occasions, and adapted to a variety of subjects. He likewise published a map of Virginia, together with a faithful account of the country and its people. This was during the year 1612.

Two years later, after having been quiet in England for a term of five long years, his spirit began to grow uneasy for the excitement of fresh adventure. During his retired and unnoticed stay in England he had chiefly occupied himself with reading works of travel, and enterprise, and discovery; and now he felt himself moved a thousand times more deeply than ever to attempt some new and daring project, that would be likely to fill the ear of the world with his fame. He would not return to Virginia, for there was nothing to call him there. Both people and rulers had shown him the deepest ingratitude, and his spirit revolted at the thought of again connecting himself with them, or their crazy fortunes.

All the country and coast that lay to the northward of Virginia was at that time called North Virginia. To some spot along this extended coast he now proceeded to direct both his own

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attention and that of such merchants of London as would listen to him. Already the then organized Plymouth Company had sent out a colony, that settled and remained for a whole winter somewhere upon the bleak shores of Maine; but the country was so wild and uninviting to the settlers, that they speedily returned home, satisfied with the dearly-bought experience of a single winter. In a short time, however, Captain Smith persuaded a few men to undertake a new expedition, along with himself; and, in April, 1614, he sailed with his little party in two ships from the wharves of London.

The ostensible object of the expedition was not to begin and colonize any part of the new country toward which they were bound, but to search after mines of the precious metals, to capture whales, and to procure fish and furs. It was a sort of rude venture in the way of seeking their fortune. If one thing failed them, it was arranged to fall back upon another. They arrived out, but too late for the whaling season; so they set themselves to work to catch fish; and in about one month Smith, with seventeen others, caught some sixty thousand codfish.

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After this, taking eight men along with him in an open boat, he passed from one tribe of Indians to another on the coast, and succeeded in procuring from them, in the way of trade, ten thousand beaver-skins, besides a large number of both otter and martin. Meanwhile, he kept his pen busy with his paper; first he drew a rough chart of the coast he had explored; next he wrote an account of all its peculiarities and its people; and, finally, by way of setting his seal to both the chart and the chronicles, he bestowed on the country the name of NEW ENGLAND; and that will, beyond all doubt, continue to be its name while the world stands. It may not be so generally known, but it is, nevertheless, an authenticated fact, that to Captain John Smith, the settler of Jamestown, and the real founder of Virginia, belongs the honor of having given its distinctive name to that tract of our country which so many people love and revere as New England.

In six months from the time he set sail from London, he was back there again with one of the two ships that had formed the expedition. The other Captain Hunt was to take to Spain, in

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order to find a market for the fish. But he was an unprincipled rascal; as soon as he found that Smith had gone, he enticed over twenty poor Indians on board his vessel, and carried them off by force to Malaga, where he sold them all as slaves. Of course the money he received for them he put into his own pocket, thinking, probably, that his inhumanity was a wonderfully shrewd stroke of policy. But all men do not happen, fortunately, to measure merit by the standard of money.

Captain Smith made a present of his map and description of the New England coast to the young Prince Charles, who was afterwards King Charles the First. Immediately, therefore, the name that Smith had given to the country was adopted, and he was himself honored with the title of "Admiral of New England." So that, from the simple rank of *captain*, our hero now found himself raised to the condition of an *admiral*. It was at most but an affair of words, however, and nothing but a mere child was at the bottom of it. Equal importance is not attached to such affairs now-a-days.

When he returned again some of the friends

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of the old Plymouth Company employed him to aid the projects that *they* entertained. Of course, therefore, he was very free in imparting information to them respecting the country he had just come from. Some of them were dishonest enough to use it for the furtherance of their own interest, and after that to set the man, whom they had pretended to employ, adrift. They promised him a command, to be sure; but he never received it, for all that. They put him off from time to time with false hopes, and finally disappointed him altogether by sending off four vessels in command of another person, leaving him unprovided for. All that the Company seemed to want was to draw out of Smith what his personal experience could teach them, and then they were willing to let him go. Besides this, it was a purchase of his silence. They knew that so long as he was in *their* employ he was not the man to communicate his valuable secrets to others.

Disappointed so deeply in this, he was not yet cast down. That was a mood to which he was not accustomed. He happened to have some two hundred pounds at his control, and this he

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was willing to make a beginning with. Gathering together what friends he was able, he made out to obtain and equip a couple of small vessels for his project, one of them being of two hundred tons' burden, and the other of but fifty. It seems really strange, to reflect on these things, and see what great results flowed out of such seemingly insufficient beginnings.

In March the two vessels, containing sixteen persons, who went out as permanent settlers, set sail from Plymouth. When not more than three hundred miles from land they were separated in a tempest. The vessel that Smith was in lost her masts, and they were obliged to work back their way into port by the help of such devices as their ingenuity could supply. The men were kept working at the pumps continually. It was needless now to think of reëmbarking in what there was of *that* vessel, and so another, of but sixty tons, was secured. In June he set sail once more.

First he encountered a pirate ship. Smith prepared to fight them, though the men were for anything rather than risk a contest. The pirate happened to be an Englishman. When

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the other vessel came near enough, the sailors on board immediately recognized Captain Smith, and begged that he would come over to them and take command. There was a mutiny on board, and they had confidence in his power to put the disorder at rest. But he refused to have anything to do with them whatever. He had had as much acquaintance with mutinies, and revolts, and disorders, as he desired.

Pretty soon afterwards he fell in with a couple more pirates. These were both Frenchmen. The place where he met them was in the vicinity of Fayal, which is one of the Azores. The pirates were of much greater force than himself, and had it in their power to capture and destroy him. At once Captain Smith, however, called his men to arms, determined on making as stout a resistance as he could. But the men were cowardly, and refused to obey, slinking away to various parts of the vessel in terror. Smith's usual energy came to his relief at the moment, and he seized a firebrand, and threatened to light the powder-magazine and blow them all up together, unless they came forward to the defence of their vessel. The threat had its desired

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effect. They seconded his daring efforts with hearty good-will; and, while pouring in shot upon his enemy, and so keeping them at a distance, Smith succeeded in running off the vessel and making his escape.

But that did him little good, after all. It was no better than jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. For, very soon after, he fell in with a fleet of *four* vessels of war, all Frenchmen, whose admiral hailed him, and summoned him on board his ship to show his papers, or the authority under which he sailed. The French men-of-war were at that time cruising in quest of pirates and Spanish vessels. Smith easily proved that he was neither. But the laws of nations were not as accurately defined, or obeyed, then as they are now, in respect to each nation's right to traverse the high seas, and the French admiral proceeded to gratify his own individual feelings in disposing of the stranger. Smith was immediately made a prisoner on board. His vessel was seized, and robbed of all she carried. And his men were, like himself, thrown into confinement, and there kept for several days.

Finally, Smith had his vessel restored to him,

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as if they thought they had tormented him enough. His men were likewise sent on board after him. Provisions were allowed them, and they were making preparations to renew their voyage. But now a new freak seized the French commander. He desired Smith's company once more on board his ship. The latter obeyed, leaving his men behind. While he was detained on board the Frenchman, a strange vessel hove in sight. Instantly the French vessels put chase after her. Smith had to go too, and thus was he separated from his vessel and his men altogether. It was of no sort of use for him to protest; his words would not have had the weight of a feather. His own vessel made its way back to Plymouth, and he was left to fare the best way he could.

All summer long he was kept a prisoner, cruising with his captors wherever they went. For the most of the time they were in the vicinity of the Azores, however, seizing upon whatever prizes happened to come in their way. And some things that were *not* altogether lawful, Smith says were done as well.

But during his confinement he did not suffer

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himself to be unemployed. He took pen and paper, and proceeded to write down a complete history of his former New England expedition from the beginning to the end. Every particular that had not at the time escaped his close observation he committed to writing with due faithfulness and perspicuity. When his captors were about to fight a Spanish vessel, they gave him his liberty, and accepted his assistance, which he was not unwilling to render against the common enemy; but, when they were about to attack an English vessel, they were careful to keep him concealed below.

They promised him his freedom, at length, in return for the services he had rendered them while a prisoner; but the performance of the promise was deceitfully put off from one time to another, till he was finally carried into the harbor of Rochelle. There he was charged with a crime on the coast, of which he was entirely innocent, and for this kept in close confinement until the charge could be investigated by the Admiralty Court on shore.

He saw by this time that he had little or nothing to hope for at their hands. He knew that

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this was to be the last step in their criminal design, and that it was their intention now to make a sacrifice of his life at the earliest convenient hour. There was still one single way by which he could bring all their counsels to naught. That was by escape. And he forthwith set himself to work and planned the time and the means by which he was to secure his release.

There came a very dark night, so dark as to render every object invisible. It had just begun to clear away after a violent storm. Still the rain pelted the watch vigorously, driving them below for shelter. Smith took advantage of the fortunate occasion, stole a boat belonging to the ship, and cut himself loose. He had nothing like an oar on board, and was obliged to give himself up entirely to the drifting of the waves. Instead of passing to a little island near by, as he had hoped, he discovered that he was floating out to the open sea. The wind was high, the waves were tempestuous, the rain beat down upon him without mercy, and he gave himself up at length for lost; every moment he was expecting to go to the bottom. But, after an

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exposure of this kind for twelve long hours, and after being distracted almost with the fears and anxieties that continually beset him, the tide and the wind changed together, and by a kind fortune his boat was carried high and dry upon the muddy shore of a little island. The next day, as he himself tells it, he was picked up by "certaine fowlers, neere drowned and halfe dead with water, cold, and hunger." As a recompense for their cruelties, the vessel, from which he so fortunately made his escape, parted from her cables in the same storm, and was driven ashore; and, in the darkness of the night, and the confusion and terror of the hour, the captain himself was drowned, and half his piratical crew with him.

Captain Smith made proper complaint of his treatment to the authorities. They promised to make an examination into the affair, and afterwards did so; but the power of the English government was but feebly felt or recognized in France, in those days, and he naturally failed to obtain the redress he sought. Had it not been for the kindness of a few friends who had become deeply interested in his story, it would have gone extremely hard with him to keep

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SMITH FOUND BY THE FOWLERS.

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body and soul together. There was a generous French lady, who befriended him in his need, and whose sympathy for him was only equalled by her respect. Her name was Madame Chanoyes, and she lived in Rochelle. She assisted him, as he confesses himself, "bountifully."

As soon as he could he set off again for Plymouth. He went through a great deal of dispute and contention there with the men who had first sailed with him, and sought to procure their punishment for the desertion of which they were guilty. But he accomplished little or nothing by his endeavor. There seemed really to be no power to mete out punishment as it was deserved.

By this time the value of the cod-fisheries along the New England coast began to be understood. Captain Smith had led the way, and made the earliest venture; others were now crowding forward to avail themselves of the riches of his experience. Multitudes of vessels were got ready in great haste, and the returns from the ventures immediately became enormous. Smith tried to obtain assistance in making another trial himself. But to no purpose at all. He, the orig-

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inal author of others' fortunes, was left poor and unnoticed; while those others, who timidly followed after his lead, had not the manliness or the sense of justice either to confess their obligations to him, or admit him to a share of the profits to which his finger alone had pointed them.

Unable to effect anything in the direction he wished, he sat down again with his pen, ink, and paper. At once he produced a book entitled "New England's Trial." It was little more than a record of his own rough and changeful experiences. The book was published in the year 1616, and he determined that it should have the benefit of a wide circulation. Accordingly, he set out with it himself, taking a large number of copies along with him. He travelled all over England. It was not much like the style in which authors scatter their volumes in *these* days; but, still, it was a very resolute undertaking for a person living in the times of Captain Smith, when King James was the ruler of England, and but four or five years after the Bible was finally translated into English. He *gave away* thousands of copies to the merchants of

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London, hoping to interest them in the subject over which his thoughts were brooding all the time. But his persevering efforts brought him, unfortunately, no return. Few listened now to what he had to say. He was esteemed a man who had had *ill-luck;* and, with the commercial world, that was quite enough to condemn him. He was even taunted with his misfortunes, as if it had been in his power to prevent them; and this is the noble reply he made once for all to such mean taunts: "Some fortune-tellers say I am unfortunate. Had they spent their time as *I* have done, they would rather believe in God than in their calculations." There certainly is something far above the reach of mercenary or cowardly minds in this brief speech; for it presupposes that every living man is sent into this world with a particular *mission;* and that, if he fails not to perform this mission, every purpose of his earthly existence has been fully answered; no matter if he live and die poor, no matter if of no consideration at last among his fellow-men, no matter what the fate or the fortune of his merely temporal and perishable interests, he has

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done his work, and his removal is never to be deplored or regretted.

The reply showed Captain Smith to be a philosopher.

He continued to stay in England now altogether. Disappointed in his plans, deserted of his wealthy and influential friends, spurred continually with desires that he was not able to gratify, beholding his fame fading out of the eyes of men until other generations should step forward and rescue it from forgetfulness, — he passed the coming years in patience and reflection, hoping the best things for the new country to which he had been an early and courageous pioneer, and calling down Heaven's richest blessings on the colony that had proved an ingrate to his warmest affections.

In the year 1622, the Indians in a body set upon the colony at Jamestown, and put to death about four hundred of the settlers. It was a terrible blow to the hopes of the Company in England, and came very near exterminating the settlement altogether. Immediately the projectors of the colony at home had recourse to Captain Smith, to beg to know what should be done

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in such an emergency. He made them a proposal to go and defend the settlement against any future attacks that might occur. But they could come to no agreement about it, and the project accordingly fell through. Captain Smith, however, still felt a deep affection for the colony, and learned of its fearful disaster with a sad heart indeed. A commission was not long after appointed to inquire into the causes of this misfortune at Jamestown; and to this commission he directed a letter, explaining what, in his view, the occasions of the real troubles were. In the course of his statement, which is a pattern of frankness and candor, he says, among other things, that five whole years, and more than five hundred pounds, had been spent by himself in setting on foot the Virginia colony, and nearly as much more in the New England enterprise; that, for nineteen years, he had labored according to the best of his industry and ability, in leading forth, watching, and caring for the settlements in America; and yet, he adds, for all that, in *neither* of the two countries did he own so much as a foot of land, nor even the house that he had built, nor any part of the

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ground he had hoed and planted with his own hands. That did not give him the least sort of trouble, however. What made him the most anxious and unhappy was, the *contentions* and *divisions* that were rapidly ruining the prosperity of Virginia, and that would ruin it, unless some remedy should be applied immediately.

The commission of inquiry called Smith before them, and had a number of questions put to him concerning the management of affairs in the colony. He was prompt and candid in his answers, and evidently satisfied them of what they were not so well apprized before, namely, the utter inefficiency of the officers of the company. He finally told them that the direction of the affairs had much better pass into the hands of King James than remain where it was then; and, in obedience to his suggestion, during the year 1624, and the last year, too, of the reign of King James, the charter was taken from the hands of the Company, and all the powers of the colonial government reverted to the king. The latter appointed, through a special commission entrusted with the business, a Governor and twelve Councillors for the management of the

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Virginia colony, and then, for a time, the troubles in some degree ended.

Yet no offer of patronage was made to *him;* he, who had been both the leader and father of the little settlement in the far-off-wilderness, who had passed through the baptism of both fire and blood for the sake of the love he bore it, who had freely given up, and was still willing freely to give up, all that he had, and was, and ever expected to be, in the service of the plan and the people that lay even now so close to his heart, — *he* was wilfully and wrongfully slighted at the time when royalty should never have been forgetful of his own invaluable favors, and left to pine, and despair, and die, without assistance, without sympathy, and even without friends.

He was denied the gratification of his most earnest desire, which was to visit the shores of the New World once more; but that did not prevent him from speaking and writing continually in favor of the country on whose broad soil the richness of his manhood had been so unselfishly exhausted. All the time he was active with both pen and tongue, inciting others

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to take the step that he was denied the great privilege of taking himself. He set before them the advantages of the new country perseveringly. He published a work, as late as the year 1626, entitled the "General Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles, with the names of the Adventurers, Planters, and Governors, from their first beginning, An. 1584, to the present, 1626." Then, in 1630, he published another work; the title of this was, "The True Travels, Adventures, and Observations, of Captain John Smith, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, from 1593 to 1629; together with a continuation of his General History," &c. And the next year he wrote yet another book, called "Advertisements for the unexperienced Planters of New England, or anywhere; or the Pathway to Experience." And immediately after this he set about writing a "History of the Sea." He had but well begun it, when his busy hand stopped on one of its early pages. Death overtook him in the midst of his labors.

It was in the year 1631 that he was taken away, and when he had attained the age of but fifty-two years. Nothing seems to be known of

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the manner or the circumstances of his death, more than that it occurred in a very obscure quarter of London, and that the hands of strangers, and not of friends, closed his dying eyes forever.

His had been a chequered, and a most romantic life, full of variety, and crowded at all points with excitement. He had gone through trials from which most men would have instinctively shrunk in fear, or in which they would have sunk down with exhaustion. His was a brave, fearless, and noble nature. There was no taint of meanness about his garments. There was no lack of true and lofty manhood within his soul. Though he possessed an ardent and exceedingly impulsive temperament, yet it was so steadily held in check by the strong hand of his reason and better judgment, by the tough cords of his patience and forbearance, that, as a whole, his character presented to the view the perfect shape of a circle, fully developed and expanded at all points, and in all directions. He did the work that he came into the world to do; and then his day of usefulness was spent, and his time of departure had come. And just then,

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in truth, the summons did come for him, and he passed away from the world, leaving the rich memory of his deeds as a towering monument for his name forever.

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CHAPTER XIII.

POCAHONTAS A WIFE.

AFTER Captain Smith had taken his last leave of Virginia, the government of the colony presented a medley character enough. There seemed to be nothing but a continual change of rulers. One gave place to another, and those who retired soon resumed their places again. There was no fixed principle by which they were willing to go at all. They behaved more like restless children, without purpose or aim, than like sober and serious men, planting the seeds of a mighty empire.

From the beginning of this state of things the Indians gave them trouble. In fact, they did not know how to manage the Indians, so as to keep on terms of friendship with them. It was very unfortunate, but they ascribed it all to the wildness of the savage nature, unable to see

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any fault in themselves. They burned the Indian villages, and the Indians retaliated with aroused fury. Powhatan began to change his opinion of the whites, and his friendship for them showed symptoms of decay. Pocahontas, too, had become less and less dear to his paternal heart, as he saw the real worthlessness of the people for whom she had so many times interceded, and now she had left his hut altogether, living unknown with friends elsewhere. She had lost her influence over her father, and so kept herself out of his sight. She very well understood the vindictiveness of his character, and dreaded his displeasure exceedingly.

Captain Argall, the commander of one of the vessels of the English, learned where she was concealed, and, in order to secure her as a prisoner for himself, offered tempting bribes to the old Indian and his wife who had her in their keeping. They were, at length, prevailed upon to bring her on board his ship one day. Pocahontas herself was not altogether willing to go; but the wife of the old Indian said that she had never seen one of the vessels of the pale-faces, and thus persuaded her to accompany them.

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As soon as she was fairly on board the vessel, she was enticed by one pretext or another down into the gun-room; and then she was told that she was a *prisoner*. She threw herself on her knees, and besought, with tears running freely from her eyes, that they would not detain her there against her wish. She plead in accents of tenderness and pity, that should have moved a heart of stone. She rehearsed her own acts of generosity to the whites, by the means of which they were many a time saved from bloody massacres and total extermination. But her syllables fell on ears that were deaf. Her petitions failed to reach the heart — if heart he really had — of her triumphing captor. The old Indians, who had betrayed her, pretended to feel quite as bad as she did, and went about howling and crying in the most hypocritical way one can imagine; but Captain Argall made them a present of a nice new copper kettle pretty soon, and they were set on shore as happy as two wicked old rogues ever were in the world. Pocahontas, then, it appears, was sold for one copper kettle!

The object of the mean captain was to obtain liberal gifts from Powhatan, by way of ransom

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for his daughter. Immediately, therefore, he sent word to him how the case stood. A message was likewise sent him, that his daughter could not be released until he should give up all the weapons that he or his people had in any way obtained from the English. Powhatan was deeply grieved to hear of the imprisonment of his daughter, but still was unwilling to pay the price demanded for her release. He sent seven English prisoners to Captain Argall, with as many poor guns; and promised that he would make a treaty of peace with the whites, and pay over five hundred bushels of corn besides, if Pocahontas were set at liberty.

But that was not what was wanted. His offer was refused with contempt. Once more he was told that he must give up all his arms, if he would ever see his child again; but he made no answer to the message whatever. Pocahontas, therefore, was kept in as close confinement as ever. Her brothers were once permitted to see her; but the interview led to no new arrangement for her freedom.

It was during this period of her imprisonment that a well-born English gentleman, named John

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Rolfe, became deeply attached to her, and finally offered her his hand in marriage. She was about eighteen years of age. The tender sentiment was cherished no less by herself than by him, and she gave herself to him to be his wife. Powhatan was sent to, for the purpose of obtaining his consent to the match, and did not refuse it, either. He was invited to the marriage festivity himself; but he felt rather unwilling to trust himself with the English, after knowing how his own child had been served, and was content to deputize one of the bride's uncles, and two of her brothers, to witness the ceremonies in his stead. This romantic event in history occurred in the spring of the year 1613. It resulted in averting some of Powhatan's hatred from the colonists, and for a time led to an agreeable truce in their prolonged warfare. A treaty was soon after entered into by both parties, and the former friendships were speedily resumed.

Sir Thomas Dale was at that time governor of Virginia, and this is a portion of a letter that he wrote from Jamestown to England, on the 18th of June, 1614:

"I caused to be carefully instructed in the

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Christian religion Powhatan's daughter, who, after she had made such progress therein, renounced publicly her country's idolatry, openly confessed her Christian faith, was, as she desired, baptized, and is since married to an English gentleman of good understanding, — another knot to bind the knot the stronger. Her father and friends gave approbation of it, and her uncle gave her to him in the church. She lives civilly and lovingly with him, and, I trust, will increase in goodnesse as the knowledge of God increaseth in her. She will goe into England with mee, and, were it but the gaining of this one such, I will think my time, toile, and present stay, well spent."

Governor Dale grew still more overbearing, after a while, and despatched a messenger to Powhatan to demand of him his other daughter; saying that Pocahontas greatly desired the company of her younger sister. This was the message, substantially, sent to Powhatan: "His brother, Dale, had heard of the fame of his youngest daughter, and intended to marry her to some worthy English gentleman, which would be highly pleasing and agreeable to her sister, who was very desir-

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ous to see and have her near her." Powhatan evaded the demand on him as long as he could, and at length answered to the messenger as follows: "That he held it not to be a brotherly part to endeavor to bereave him of his two darling children at once; that, for his part, he desired no further assurance of Dale's friendship than his promise; that, of his own, the English had a sufficient pledge in one of his daughters; which, as long as she lived, would be sufficient; and, should she die, *then* he should have another. Tell him further," added the aged Indian chief, "that, even if there were *no* pledge, there need be no fear of me or my people. We have had enough of war. Too many have been slain already on both sides. With *my* will, there shall be no more. I have the power here, and I have given the law to my people. I am now grown old. I would end my days in quietness and peace. My country is large enough for both; and, even though you give me cause of quarrel, I will rather go from you than fight with you. Take this answer to my brother."

The youngest child was not obtained, as Dale had unfeelingly designed; and, it is by no means

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to be supposed, either, that her sister Pocahontas had anything to do with furthering so wicked a plot, even if she were privy to it at all.

Pocahontas herself appeared to enjoy her new relation, and her new associations, as much as might have been expected. She soon after marriage received the rite of Christian baptism, taking the name of *Rebecca*. Immediately on receiving this new Christian name, her friends disclosed the real one by which she was known among her own people. It was Matoaka. The reason why it was so long kept a secret from the whites was, the Indians had a peculiar superstition, called the superstition of *the evil mouth;* just as they likewise had one called the superstition of *the evil eye*. The meaning of it was, that the speaking of one's real name by some lips, like the gazing upon one by some eyes, would not fail to result in evil; as if some persons were capable of holding a fatal *spell* over others, from which it was impossible for the latter at all times to escape. Hence another name was given to this Indian damsel, and her own was buried in secrecy. If the whites pronounced the word *Matoaka*, she might receive great harm; but

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Pocahontas was a name they might take upon their lips with freedom and impunity.

Governor Dale finally sailed for England with Pocahontas and her husband, in the spring of 1616, taking with him several other natives of the forest likewise. Powhatan was not able to have a parting interview with her before she left, on account of intestine wars that greatly disturbed his peace. He was now an old man, and ill able to endure the trials or reverses that years before he would have met willingly. Opechancanough was directing all his efforts to the succession, ambitiously plotting in every way to secure his claim to the imperial command. Powhatan had a brother who stood in the way of this design, and that was the only serious obstacle that offered.

When Pocahontas — now Mrs. John Rolfe — reached England, there were crowds of people to run and welcome her arrival. The story of her life, and of her generous sacrifices for the English, had long before been told through the length and breadth of the land. The more cultivated classes were especially attentive to her, waiting upon her wherever she went. People

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of rank offered her their hospitalities, and seemed to feel even grateful for the privilege of entertaining a princess.

Captain Smith, as soon as he happened to hear of her arrival, sat down and wrote a letter to the queen, soliciting most earnestly whatever favors her majesty might feel willing to bestow on this child of the forest. He recounted to her the many valuable services of Pocahontas for the colony, dwelt feelingly and eloquently on her numerous high qualities of mind and heart, spoke of her recent conversion to the same Christian religion which the queen professed, and wound up his humble application by reminding her majesty that this was the first time he had himself ever asked a favor from the throne, and promising her that it should be the last. The last expression in it was, "And so I humbly kisse your gracious hands."

The consequence was that Pocahontas was very soon after received at court, and instantly rose high in royal favor. King James, it is said, was very indignant with Mr. Rolfe for daring to marry with *royal blood*, he being himself only a *gentleman*. It was then, as it is even now, es-

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teemed a high misdemeanor for a *common* person to connect himself, or herself, by marriage with *royalty;* and, considering the narrow mind of King James, and the bigotry and prejudices of his time, it is not a little to be wondered at that the venturesome husband of Pocahontas came off with so much as a whole skin.

Smith had an interview, soon after he wrote his letter, with Pocahontas, at a village a few miles distant from London. He was very much reserved, if not distant, in his manner toward her, while she was all ready to throw off the reserve she had thus far been compelled to wear since her arrival, and would gladly have rushed into his arms. But his seemingly cold manner chilled her. *She* thought he had lost all his affection for her; when the truth really was, that Captain Smith, well knowing the king's peculiar notions respecting the formality due to royalty, was unwilling to betray any single feeling on his part that would be likely to injure her in the estimation of the throne. Yet she could not understand his motive at all. His manner grieved her deeply. Captain Smith's account of the interview was, that, "after a modest salutation, with-

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out any word she turned about and obscured her face, as not seeming well-contented." No one knew her real feelings at that moment of disappointment. She had certainly thought to find at least *one* friend in England, and she *had* found him; but how strangely different was the greeting, after so long an absence, from what her heart had been fondly anticipating!

But this coldness and reserve wore off after a little while, and they entered into conversation with one another very freely. Among other things that Pocahontas said, she took occasion, in calling up former days, to speak of her devotion to the English, and especially to himself. She said to Captain Smith,—

"You did promise Powhatan that what was yours should be his; and he made a like promise unto you. You, being in his land a stranger, called him father; and, by the same right, *I* will call *you* so."

Captain Smith at no moment could keep King James' prejudices out of his mind, and began to explain to her that she, being a king's daughter, could not well call *him* father. But to such objections as this she would not listen. "Were

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you not afraid to come into my father's country," said she, "and cause fear in him and all his people but myself, — and do you fear that I should call you *father* here? I tell you that I *will* call you father, and you shall call me child; and so shall it be forever. They did always tell us that you were dead, and I knew not otherwise until I came to Plymouth. Yet Powhatan believed it not, because your countrymen will *lie much*, and he commanded Tomoccomo to seek you out, and know the truth."

Such is Captain Smith's account of the ending of that interview. Others followed from time to time, each one of which yielded both parties more happiness than the former.

Pocahontas was making ready to return to Virginia in 1617, having been absent about three years in England, when she was suddenly overtaken by sickness, and not long afterwards yielded up her beautiful spirit. She died a peaceful and happy death, preserving her sweet resignation and composure to the very last.

Only one son was the issue of her marriage, whose name was Thomas Rolfe. His uncle Henry gave him a good education in England, and he

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subsequently emigrated to the native land of his mother, and there established a wide fame, and a vast fortune. He, in turn, left only a single daughter, at his decease, and from her have sprung many of the oldest and most respectable families in Virginia. John Randolph of Roanoke, the eccentric statesman, was always proud to trace his descent from Pocahontas, esteeming his own a highly noble birthright.

Pocahontas died early in the year 1617, and the next April her father followed her. It was said that he grieved incessantly for her loss, and probably grieved himself out of the world.

Opechancanough tried in every way to obtain the power that had fallen from the Indian emperor's shoulders; but the brother of the latter was still living. Opechancanough, however, easily found means to destroy his authority; for he was but a feeble person at the best. Besides, Opechancanough was highly popular with all the tribes, and could move them altogether by the power of his will. It was he who caused the rising of the Indians upon Jamestown, in 1622, when some four hundred of the settlers were slain; and later still, in 1639, his bold spirit

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excited the tribes to another outbreak, when more than five hundred of the whites were the victims of a general massacre. He was a greater ruler than Powhatan had been, possessing more comprehensive power of mind, and more thoroughly enjoying the reverence of his followers. But he showed the approaches of old age at last, and his faculties began gradually to fail.

At length he became too feeble to walk without assistance. The savages were obliged to carry him about in their arms, as if he had been an infant. His body was very much wasted, and his eyes were so weak that they were not able to support even the weight of the eyelids; so that, when he wished to open them, some one was obliged to lift the lids with his fingers.

Sir William Berkeley was then the governor of Virginia, and he managed to capture the old chieftain while in this feeble and unresisting condition. He thought it would be a grand thing, therefore, to make a sort of *exhibition* of him. So, one day, the old man was brought out into the presence of the multitude. When Governor Berkeley came near, he desired that his eyelids might be raised. Looking the governor

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then boldly in the eye, he exclaimed, "Had Sir William Berkeley fallen *my* prisoner, I should not thus meanly have exposed him as a show to my people." It *was* a mean thing, and totally unworthy the spirit of a one who presumes to call himself a *man*. But a still meaner and crueller thing was speedily to follow. While thus gazed upon by the English in their place of public assemblage, a monster deliberately levelled his gun, and shot the defenceless chieftain through the back! It was as base and wicked a murder as any that stands recorded in history, and may well terminate a long list of mean and unfeeling acts, that dated back even with the early landing of Captain John Smith upon the shores of Virginia.

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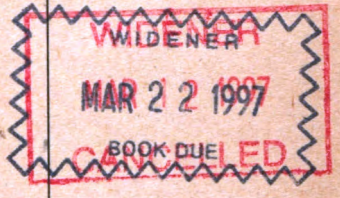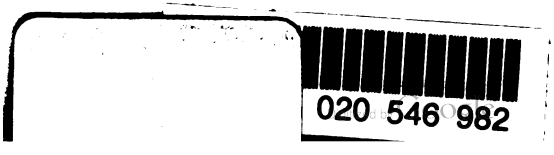
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